

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

MAY 11, 1981

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## THE PRESS BARONS

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**Maclean's**

COVER STORY

### The green banana

**the press barons**  
Southam Inc. and Thomson Newspapers Ltd., the firms headed by Gordon Fisher and Ken Thomson—the men captured on the news in a moment of intimacy at the April Kent committee hearings in Ottawa—were charged last week under the *Contempt of Court Act*. In a detailed analysis, *Maclean's* Ottawa bureau chief Robert Lewis looks at the men behind the headlines and the penalties that are under sentence. —Page 25

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**Dream of a mad housewife**  
Surprised that it took so long, Fay  
Faulding has finally hit the target  
with her fourth novel. — *Review*, 69



### Weary reservation

Some of Canada's most expensive legal talent sought out Constitution 1982 in Ottawa. — Page 21



### The final stretch

French Socialist leader François Mitterrand has caught the scent of electoral victory — Page 33



**Mister Rogers' business**  
When not toddling around on his TV show for kids, Fred Rogers is into tools and dies. —Page 34



Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

## EDITORIAL

# The bottom line's fine, but a byline's much better

By Peter C. Newman

**T**his week's cover story (page 25) on Canada's press barons, and in particular the combative charges faced by two of the country's largest newspaper chains, focuses attention on the question of how responsible Canadian news-papers really are. Because the case could shortly go before the courts, comment on the substance of the charges is forbidden, but it does provide an occasion to think out loud a bit on the role of daily journalism.

Despite Leo Giant's best efforts, it's not a calling that's particularly well understood by the public at large. Visitors to the newsrooms of metropolitan daily newspapers little more than long rows of desks, piles of discarded press releases, empty glass pots, witness graffiti and people sitting on the edges of their desks, apparently gazing. James Reston, *New York Times* columnist, once defined the essence of his profession with the comment "Any craft that gets a man out of the house and brings him home with something worth talking about, even if late for dinner, is worth defending."

There is a little more to it than that. To be a good journalist is to be a sharer in the experience of your time. Reporters may not have the power to effect social and political change, but they certainly can set

the agenda for the debate of the day. The collective wisdom of a well-informed citizenry will almost always produce more satisfactory solutions to national problems than any political leader, no matter how enlightened. Truth is not necessarily the sum of all the ascertainable facts, but every good reporter must be rigorously loyal to a deep-seated sense of evidence. Impartiality may be a dream, honesty is a duty.

There always exists some conflict between those who make and those who report the news. But the most common complaint against journalists of all stripes, genders and nationalities is that they're no better objective. Unfortunately, newspaper reports are nearly always an interplay of fact and opinion. Absolute neutrality is as unobtainable (and uninteresting) as it is impossible, so reporter is merely a transmisor machine.

None of this has much to do with whether a journalist works as a free-lancer, is employed by one of Canada's few independent newspapers or rarely for one of the stable of the Sunnies or Thomson chains.

Whatever else the courts may decide in handling the current controversy into which Canada's press barons have been plunged, I hope that the central issue isn't overlooked: a lively daily press whose owners thrive on competition and whose reporters live by disclosures is any democracy's best defense.

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## Coming home to the whole point

Reading the article *Demanding Access for All Living*, April 26 as one of the many disabled individuals that you felt informed to write about, I felt that the first few paragraphs seemed straightforward with just a hint of sensitivity for the disabled persons in the article. However, it became more apparent that you missed the whole point of what disabled persons are trying to do—get society to accept us on equal terms.

—ROSEMARY COMBINE,  
Winnipeg, Ont.



People find disabilities equal terms

## Booth tube pettiness

What we need in terms of TV programming is not Canadian versions of boring, static documentaries such as *Death in the Country Needs to Be a Good Five-Cent Story*, Editorial, April 20. We should have more programming available to Canadians. Let's face it, as a marketing device, telling the world how pretty we can be, best show it that we're broad-minded enough to accept the best from everywhere. A Canadian "Soap" means little in terms of pride and accomplishment in this country.

—JUDY LUN,  
Toronto

## Applebaum's delight

Amo, Amaro, Amiel! O sage of the printed page! O exultant Cassandra! Would that thy prettily prophesied come true! Would that our troubled cultural industries embark upon a policy of territorial conquest abroad and bring bountiful markets for the glory and profit of our most talented artists.

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relationships between professors and students. While I in no way condone the women who complained, or their anger, that another can't endear all members of the faculty in the poster campaign in effect did.

—DERRYL AMBROSE  
Ottawa

## Deck the skies with balls of...

*Class Keepsakes of the Red Road* (Canada, April 13) is a historical measure. During the Second World War the Soviet Union saved our necks. They did not make decisions alone at Yalta and Potsdam, but they did suffer the greatest losses against Hitler. In today's world of sophisticated satellites, who worries about space planes and "spying"? If that is the case? The space shuttle can bring weapons to the sky like Christmas tree lights. We, however, were not spying when we proposed to set hundreds of nuclear weapons on the Soviets' doorstep. Your writer fails these people every. This writer is aware of these writers than of the Russians.

—JERRY NOBLE,  
Toronto

## Oh heartless youth

I am a 16-year-old and a new subscriber to *Maclean's*. I feel it is my duty to defend the U.S. from its do-gooders in foreign lands. Allen Petheringham (*Living the Hollywood Dream*, Colgate, April 13) seems to think that just because some violent movies are successful, America is a nation obsessed with violence. This is like saying a whole barrel of apples is bad because one or two are rotten. There are some Americans, myself included, who are repelled by it. However, no recognition is given to those who stop violence, only to those who commit it.

—ROBERT ERICKSON,  
Bengaluru, India

## A volley of folly

After having heard so many official American statements on El Salvador proven wrong (*Coverage in the Mexican Crisis*, April 20) I was forced, and reluctantly, to read *Roger Caron* with the likes of Gary Gilmore's Caron, is quite of a representative panel system, acquired a reporter that has had a respected history. He did not seem to be writing *Go-Go*, he was simply representing himself as a tiger about which he is an expert—just Roger Caron is to be congratulated for turning his life around, not chastised for political seeking because he won the Governor-General's Award.

—KATHY WELLS,  
Chester, N.Y.

## Hear ye hear ye!

As a fourth-year journalism student at Carleton University, I believe few people anywhere condone sexual harassment (Meeting Their Own at the Palais, Canada, April 6). But in place large posters around a building announcing that it exists (as did the Ad Hoc Committee on Sexual Harassment) was, in my opinion, a hasty and sensational method of initiating a perhaps necessary discussion on a sensitive and volatile issue. The tactics used by the committee have called into question all

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# A novel suggestion

*'Better put a fox in a hen house than ask an author to judge his peers'*

The Right Honourable Edward Schreyer,  
Governor-General of Canada, GCM, GDS  
Government House, 1 Sussex Drive, Ottawa  
Year Endless

With the greatest respect, sir, I must tell you that you have a problem. It concerns the Governor-General's Literary Awards. You should be the first to know that the innovations introduced into the program during your term of office have failed [anecdotal].

The first innovation was the decision to move the awards ceremony away from the nation's capital. The purpose of that move, as I understand it, was to strengthen the element of mystery that has been drawn over these proceedings in the past. With the advances in mass communications technology, it has become more difficult to maintain secrets in Ottawa. There are just too many newsgroups around Parliament Hill, and I am afraid that the public's interest in the awards has increased about the choice of nominees for this year's May 11 ceremony. Is it sufficiently remote? Is it not possible that despite every care, there will be a news leak? There are more secure places that could be found—outposts still exist in Newfoundland.

Another innovation is the moving, before the winner is announced, of a so-called "short list" of candidates in final contention. This way everyone knows that the judges are empanelled, take their work seriously, and choose no leading contenders. Thus, I think it is a sound idea. But please consider what your hon'ble judges have done! In only the second year under the new system, they have eliminated the short list of final contenders that must be the ultimate intent. They have failed to include what many consider to be Hugh MacLennan's finest book (*Wise as a Fox*), Pierre Berton's finest book (*The Journals of Canada, 1920-1921*), Richard Gwyn's finest book (*The Northern Mosque*), Phyllis Gough's finest book (*Marjorie Elliot*), Murdoch Eccler's finest book (*Under There and Now*), and I won't even mention the authors that they have failed to include in the poetry category because that situation has already been categorized on the CCL as a national disgrace. Have the rules and the policies been changed? Is the purpose, now, to deliberately stir up controversy? Or is the purpose to denigrate the Governor-General's Literary Awards to such a degree that the program can be quietly discontinued in the future? Please, Your Excellency, may I be informed of the new objective. Authors expect me to know about these things.

Your Excellency, do you doubt the fact that these ceremonies have been held almost in secret in the past? About 15 years ago I was interviewed, as a nominee Governor-General's Awards (Chairs long since eliminated), to make a plea that these ceremonies should be made into news events. I was told by the then-chairman of the Canada Council that I would not be invited back unless I gave prior

written assurance that I would refrain from such controversial outbursts. After all this time, I have been given any reason for mystery—that the Governor-General's office is involved, and that controversy must be avoided at all costs. I say in hell with stuffy protocol. Let's celebrate our authors. I guarantee that the impact of these awards could be increased tenfold without the expenditure of an extra dollar if a sensible approach were taken.

Another problem with the Governor-General's Awards relates to the Canada Council. I am not in any general sense critical of the work of the Council. I think it has been a great force for good in Canada. It is in that context that I say unequivocally that their handling of these awards has been abysmal. Their performance in the selection of the award-winning books has been almost beyond comprehension. Small, effluent parties have been appointed in each category. The parties consist, for the most part, of authors who are well known to the cataloguers to be judged. Do you think for a minute that this is a fair system? Let me tell you from my experience of over 35 years, in which most of my writing hours were spent with authors, that this is nonsense. The intrigues, the party jealousy, the vendetta, the shenanigans—all the laudable results through the years speak for themselves. I would not employ an author to referee a Ping-Pong match. By their very nature they are biased and Moody-minded. Better put a fox in a hen house than ask an author to judge his peers.

Let us set up a broad, representative jury comprised of authors, critics, librarians, booksellers, booksellers, authors, publishers and readers—let's bring it out in the open and let's lay down the rules. Let's understand what one in the opinion of a reasonable cross section, the most worthy books. Let's pick the winners properly and then let's celebrate them.

Now, Your Excellency, I am going to make a specific suggestion. I believe that it is time for you to get out of the literary awards business. I can assure that you do not want to spend over the liquidation of the Governor-General's Awards, but it is time to do so. Let's call them the Canadian Literary Awards. Let us get the Canada Council out of the act. Please do not that you continue to supply the funds and, in fact, double the amount of the awards. Let the book industry, through its various associations, decide the how, when and where of these literary prizes. It is finally time that we give sensible and ample recognition to the handful of Canadians who contribute more to this country than anyone else.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jack McCollard

Jack McCollard is president and publisher of McCollard & Stewart Ltd.

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# PRIVATE STOCK

# Dreams of a mad housewife

**Joy Fielding achieves long-awaited commercial success with her latest novel**

By Judith Timson

In the house of the Canadian literary establishment, there are many reasons to fear the take, when the names such as Margaret Atwood and Marian Engel take their turn with pen and paper. On the literary, in which Robertson Davies is firmly entrenched with a stamp of fine port! Out in the garden, Susan Musgrave is twirling around in

story about a divorced man who left his two young children, so he can, since its publication last spring, sell 25,000 copies in the U.S., born closer to a literary Goldilocks, and the best-seller in Canada and been carried off internationally, for upwards of \$125,000. Far from being taken aback by her recent, unexpected success, Fielding admits: "To be very honest, I'm surprised it took so long."

she has travelled, it is only necessary to know that her third novel, *Divorce*, a less-entitled version of *The Massachusetts Crucible* crossed with the *Penny Horror* saga, featured on its cover the writing man—what they rarely call him in her books, then they name him for her grandpa! It is more polished, more polished, tasteful and much better written. The only owner of its cover features is a white banner snatched around

it proclaiming soon to be a *MAJOR MOTION PICTURE*. While this in itself has become a cliché—American actress Abbie Hoffman recently dispensed with preliminaries and called her latest book just that—it is still the badge of merit in today's literary marketplace where success is a word that starts with a dollar sign and ends with Robert Redford director.

*I would never set a book in Canada. No one in the States wants to read about it*

ing a tattered little morsel of your book with, let's say, Sally Field in the role of the housewife (or Goldie Hawn, suggests Fielding) and Bert Reynolds as the nasty husband.

Robert Redford has not yet been on the phone to say Fielding, but the folks from *Saints* Galloping home, and for an initial payment of \$20,000 she is already hard at work on the screenplay. Finding a tough going, she was grateful the other day when a visitor told her of a book she could buy about the art of screenwriting. For she ingeniously explained, "It gives you all the basics and sweethearts that's exactly what I'm lacking."

Fielding's ingenue-ness is the kind that doesn't grate. At 36, married to a corporate lawyer, the mother of two little girls and the mistress of a rather grand house, she appears to be the nice girl who got it all, managed it all and somehow deserves it all. Oh, so her long-time friend, film-maker and entrepreneur Johnnie Bassett points, "a very sensitive, bright, intelligent per-



the tulip patch. But where is Joy Fielding? She is unashamedly in the kitchen in heratty pink slippers, quietly turning out a novel worth half a million dollars—so quietly, in fact, that the others don't notice she's there.

Fielding may well be an obscure Toronto writer whose name offers no literary market, but she has been plugging away for 11 years now, always aiming at that "large market." Her fourth novel—and first really respectable one—*One Bloody Goodbye*, appears to have hit the target. A suspenseful and finely

toed a sense of the literary distance

she who would be good at anything she does." Thankfully, there are a few human touches, a slight air, even, of the real housewife about her. "I'm high-strung, but I'm working on it," she explains, extolling the virtues of hypnotherapy. She appears dressed in blue jeans and sparkly pink socks slumped over those slightly itchy pink slippers, her outfit obviously a matter of comfort seeing as she spends much of the time administering to her daughters, Shauna, 5, and Anna, almost 2. In between negotiating potty visits and mediating sibling rivalry, Fielding confesses to finding most comfortable, even when she's writing, at the kitchen table. No room of one's own for her. And no time about the process—just plain there, the urge to have raised her children while she was writing while the other was busy writing four novels. While other writers might offer more arthritic reasons for their success, Fielding attributes much of hers to "free-as-kid."

The comfort is as much a part of Fielding's existence as her ambition to keep writing "because I enjoy it." She may, in some symbolic and literal way, be in the kitchen, but it's one of 15 large rooms in a \$650,000 palatial in midtown Toronto that looks like a modern-day version of something Scarlet O'Hara might have hawked after. Tripping through the rooms on a slightly self-consciously tour, she is like any other wealthy Toronto housewife—riveted on her choices of tile in the upstairs bathrooms—except, of course, she has a yearning to write and a substantial advance from Doubleday to produce her next novel, tentatively entitled *The Other Women*.

Her confidence was nurtured early in what she now feels was "an incredible house." Joy Fielding's father was a jeweler salesman, her mother a strong presence who encouraged her to think. "There wasn't anything I wanted that I couldn't have" (her mother died in 1976 of cancer, and the loss haunts Fielding. "I would give all of this up," she says simply. "If I could have my mother back.") She and her younger sister grew up in a modest neighbourhood in Toronto, then in the more luxurious surroundings of Forest Hill. She went to the University of Toronto, where she majored in English and high hopes, resulting to become a famous actress. She even did a not-unsuccessful nude scene in a monochromatic *Winter Heat* by Warhol, playing a "fat" girl called Bee. In real life, though, she says, "I wasn't anything like that. I was kind of slow getting started with men."

After graduating she decided, at the age of 22, she was ready for Hollywood. In Los Angeles she lived in an apartment building with a topside walkway, a

balcony and a groupie, got herself a constant companion—a bodega named Buck—and embarked on a life that would give her enough material for three novels. Once she went on a blind date to an orgy, a scene she played out with interesting results in two of her books. While she had her eyes opened by the seedy side of Hollywood life, she was also discovering dismally that even though she considered herself "special-looking," Hollywood casting agents didn't. After she was released to work as a bank teller and doing fairly well, even her jaunty self-quest

done was shaken. When her mother, visiting her, told her she was losing her spark, Fielding got her bangle in her purse and came home.

While in Hollywood, Fielding kept a filmstudded diary which she showed to an agent who told her: "I don't think this will be published, but one day you're gonna make a column." That seemed encouragement enough. Moving in with her parents at age 25, she sat down at her kitchen table and began, at the age of 26, *The Best of Friends*, an explosive-handled story of a woman with a sly personality. The



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kindest thing one reviewer had to say about her book, "I've read the manuscript, and that was true." Even now, conservative readers haven't given her gentle treatment at the hands of the critics. The *New York Times* reviewer might have written that he couldn't stop reading *Kim My Way Goodbye*, but The *Washington Post* sniffed that it was best read "under the hair dryer." Fielding doesn't think that's fair. "You don't get the kind of quaffing dialogue in a school book that you do in mine."

Even some reviewers who praised her book noted there was more than a whiff of calculation about it—packing a hot theme with "moves" written all over it. Fielding denies it. "I wish I'd known what sells, but I don't. I wrote this book."



Fielding with daughters Jessie (left) and Shannen. They pink slippers

for me, because I wanted to do a love story." And yet she cheerfully admits she is governed as much by her agent as by the muse. "My agent told me someone sells, so that's who I write." The *Transatlantic Review* (London, England) and *Time* (New York), either not noticing or not caring that such an admission might be taken as literary heresy, *Kim My Way Goodbye* was set in Florida because she and her husband have a condominium there and because "I would never set a book in Canada. No one in the States wants to read about it."

That might stick in the craw of this country's corps of cultural snobs, but it is perhaps only fitting for a writer who feels she has received "nothing but discouragement from Canadian publishers, nothing but encouragement from Americans." Still, Fielding is not bitter, only annoyed. That larger market shimmers, the vision gets closer. In the end, her ambitions are as different from those of many writers. "I want people to think I'm a good writer, and to look forward to my next book." Her motivation, though, may be harder to grasp. "I write," she says. "To escape. With a laugh and a lot of boy references, she catches herself. "Although one would have to be mormonistic (Hebrew for crazy) to want to escape from this." □

## THIS CANADA

# A friend indeed on the stormy seas

*Heroic rescue missions are almost routine for the Canadian Marine Rescue Auxiliary*

By Michael Clugston

The Portuguese trawler wasn't an hour out of Black Tickle, Labrador, when it all began. A tempest, mounting down from Greenland at about 180 km/s, was pushing up huge swells to be shredded upon the jagged bedrock of the Labrador coast. Deep in the engine room, the *Marine Traveller* vibrationally groaned; port tanks down, 64 Portuguese fishermen could feel the throb of the propeller as the *Marine Traveller* tried to an unknown Josephine Salmon Right, a submerged rock, chomped at the sea. The *Marine Traveller* was turned by the gale and, with that shoulder-wallow that boats develop when they lose power, began to drift toward Salmon Right.

"I heard there was a ship aground," says Wolf Bartlett, a 45-year-old fisherman from Brigus, Nfld. His 18-metre long-beam, the *Nancy Bartlett*, had scored a few botties riding out the blow in the shelter of Black Tickle's ancient, quarter-mile, harbour. At the mackinaw of the *Nancy Bartlett* and the nearby Lori and Peals, identical pens snapped and jolted as if trying to shake off the maple-leaf-and-dolphin

motif of the Canadian Marine Rescue Auxiliary (CMRA). Radios crackled in the cabin below as Bartlett and David Haas, owner of the Lori, heard of the ship aground a few miles away. An auxiliary members they were not required to assist—but the portmanteau shared their willingness to do so. The Salmon Right area was dangerous at the best of times, since the charts were sketchy at best, and shallows, freshland knowledge was a prerequisite for supply fishing in the area.

But there was no shortage of valiant crew on the *Nancy Bartlett* when the Lori and several other fishing boats reached Salmon Right. They could catch sight of the *Marine Traveller* as their boats rode the crest of the 10-metre seas. The Portuguese vessel were becalmed, all on the bow, as huge waves alternately covered the ship or lifted it and slammed it back on the reef. But the Canadians could not get close enough for a rescue for fear of being driven onto rocks themselves, as they returned to Black Tickle to await a wind change and with it a rescue. It was Sept. 4, 1988, a day during which the Portuguese would learn, unfortunately, that the passage of time is subjectively perceived.

Volunteer MacDonald (top); Haas (below) disabled on reef; just good neighbors



Bartlett grew up in Labrador Right, a hamlet in Notre Dame Bay where, as with any fishing people, rescues were just another unavoidable chore. They were also the stock-in-trade of the Canadian Coast Guard, which operates ships and aircraft from strategic centres around Atlantic Canada. Missing was co-operation between local fishermen and the professionals, whose beat was 12,000 km of shoreline. So in 1978, Bartlett wrote to the coast guard in Gander, Nfld., recommending that fishermen, with their knowledge of local waters and tide patterns, would be ideal partners in the large search-and-rescue network. "Strangers coming in here with helicopters for rescue haven't got the freshland knowledge," says Bartlett. "By the time they get here, it could be far too late."

By coincidence, the coast guard had been checking along the same lines, and in early 1979 activated the Canadian Marine Rescue Auxiliary and called for volunteers in five national districts from Black Tickle to Vancouver Island. Its object was to take the ring out of being a good neighbor by sharing warfarers against damage and injury during rescues, and helping out a little with

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CANADIAN WHISKY BY WALTER REINHOLD

raising expenses. Volunteers' ships—fishing and pleasure boats—were inspected for emergency gear like flares and tow ropes, radio contacts with rescue co-ordination centres were explained and auxiliary peasants run up masts, leaving a dolphin perpetually downward of a maple leaf. "The volunteers are the kind of people who would do the same rescue anyway," says Les MacDonald, president of the Maritime auxiliary region, which last year participated in a rescue, on the average, every two weeks. "There's a method through organizations to do it more efficiently."

There are seven auxiliary teams dotted around the Maritimes, from Bridgewater, N.B., to the Magdalen Islands, while in Newfoundland the effort to have one auxiliary boat in every fishing port has brought them to 88 communities so far.

But not all auxiliaries go to sea. "If the people from around here are going out fishing and it's a bit wacky, they'll usually call to make sure I've got my set up," says Jason Gossage, a 31-year-old crewman with a radio station over in Trinity Bay, Nfld., from his home in New Harbour. Like the coast watchmen of the Second World War, Gossage and other radio hobbyists are the ears of the amateur network, along with the coast guard operators.

Rescues may mean towing a disabled boat back to harbor, taking an injured sailor off a freighter for hospital care or evacuating a burning ship. But the Vikings was by no means a typical challenge.

By noon on that day, the wind had diminished to about 100 km/h and was moving to the northwest. Bartlett's boat and four others headed back to Salmonight, where the seas were still so high that just being on the water was a risk. But the rescue began anyway, the shrinking seeking Portuguese survivors in 16 manta pulled laboriously into the relative safety of the Canadian ship. The seafarers involved was recognized in citations that the coast guard later awarded Bartlett and Hana.

By 2:30 that afternoon, when Capt. Mike Clarke's helicopter arrived from 100 Rescue Unit in Gander, 200, 30 people had been rescued. But the heroes were not finished. Counting the seconds between the breakers that basket and shock the cockpit, Clarke had to maneuver his helicopter to within 100 feet of the masts and rigging, pull up a man on the rescue cable, then drop away as the net was sent the masts clawing through the air. A miscalculation and the helicopter would have been a goner, sharkbait. "That hour and a half was fast," Clarke recalls. Rescues were still part of being a good neighbor in Atlantic Canada. It's simply more efficient now. □

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# Programmed to influence

*Radio Free Europe beams its message behind the Iron Curtain*

By Peter Lewis

**I**t was hardly enough a radio station that has been reviled, banned and bombed that somebody set there doesn't like its programs. When, to boot, two of its broadcasters are polluted with dust pants, the station could be excused if it opted for a safer line of business. But Radio Free Europe (RFE) in Munich does not appear to mind the stink and soot in its broadcasting daily to Eastern Europe—it has come to view the particles it releases as proof of its own power to bruise.

Soils are not RFE's only worry at present. Over the past months the station has had the jitters about its future. Many of its staff fear that the strong anti-Soviet line adopted by the new Reagan administration in Washington could coincide with the present upsurge in East-West tensions to deficit. Radio Free Europe from the straight and narrow in its reporting. Such a loss of objectivity, they maintain, would quickly destroy the station's credibility in Eastern Europe—where its audience is said to include even top Communist party officials—and drive away a greedy portion



**Broadcaster Barbara Price at her desk (above). RFE newscaster Peter Bruder (below).**



The station and its sister network, Radio Liberty, are regarded by their detractors as propaganda outlets that work tirelessly to fan unrest in the Communist world. In 1981, RFE broadcast news across the Iron Curtain to 20 countries. But defenders of the stations claim they are responsible organizations that offer a break of unreduced fact, facture and commentary to 88 stations created by the refusal of Communist authorities to keep their flock informed of world and local events.

Between the two rows there would seem to be no common ground, but both sides agree on one thing...Radio Free Europe has, for better or worse, done a remarkable job over the past 30 years in inculcating its views into the post-and-shoes of superpower rivalry in Europe.

Some measure of the feelings RFE can create can be recently what a 10 kg bomb exploded at the company's Munich headquarters, wounding eight and causing \$1 million worth of damage. But



**Roderick Markier packs quite a punch**

one of its estimated audience of 16 million. "We'd like any move to turn the clock back to when the station was little more than a U.S. government mouthpiece," says a spokesman at RFE's white headquarters in Munich.

Station officials deny that plans are afoot to alter the station's line to make it fit the propaganda mood in Washington. "We haven't removed any skin that the Reagan administration expects us to start changing the tabs," says RFE spokesman Bill Mackey, while station President Glenn Ferguson was adamant that "no changes in the way we operate are envisaged." Yet another executive did concede that holes could be punched into RFE's claim to objectivity if the international climate, already very cloudy, were to further worsen in response to a Soviet invasion of Poland or other major events in Europe. "If it came to a new cold war I'd not give a dime for our chances of maintaining an even keel," he says.

The station built up a reputation for reliable reporting during the policy days of East-West détente in the "Reagan Before" that ended—until 1971, to be exact—RFE was bankrolled and run by the CIA and a lot of the work it gave was designed to serve as a backdrop to ringing denunciations of the Communist system. Many people in East Europe still deny the role Radio Free Europe played in the Hungarian revolt in 1956 when it vociferously suggested an at least one occasion that the United States was coming to the aid of Hungarians fighting Soviet tanks. A West German board of inquiry later cleared RFE of inciting revolt. Yet when the U.S. Congress stepped in to finance and manage the station in 1973, it took the precaution of ruling that no mention of U.S. military intervention in Eastern

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Europe was to meet the staff's lips again. Announcers were also told to avoid sentimental or伤感的. A few who did not—or who at least made themselves particularly obvious to the Communist secret services—came to grief. Georgi Markov, a 60-year-old Bulgarian who also worked for the BBC, was waiting for a bus in London in the fall of 1978 when a bearded man carrying an umbrella bumped into him. Markov fell a ston in his thigh and turned up at his office feeling queasy. A few days later he was dead, killed by a delayed-action poison fired from a dart gun concealed

in the unknown assassin's umbrella. Shortly after, another BBC broadcaster of Bulgarian origin, Vladimir Kostov, was attacked in similar fashion in a Paris Metro station. But Kostov survived to return to his post in BBC's Bulgarian service in Munich.

Most of RFE's 1,000 employees are East European émigrés—the top brass, though, is exclusively American—and because of differing political views they tend to spend a lot of time quarreling among themselves as they produce material in Polish, Czech and Slovak, Hungarian, Romanian and Bulgarian for



RFE's Ferguson: nothing conspiratorial

RFE's around-the-clock service Radio Liberty, a smaller outfit, broadcasts exclusively to the Soviet Union in 26 languages.

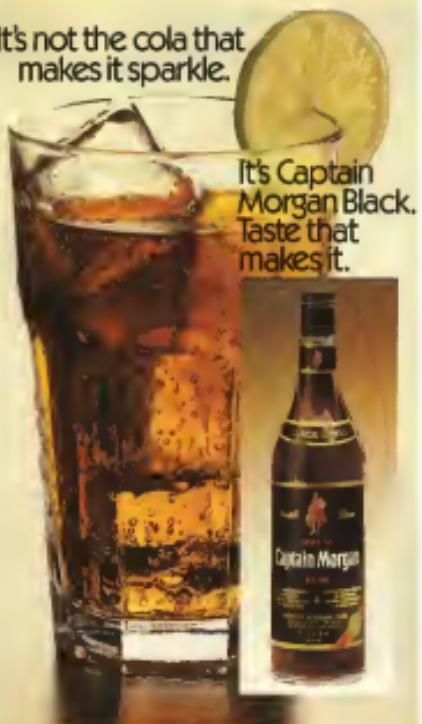
Using a powerful transmitter in Portugal, Radio Free Europe likes to give Eastern European listeners as很多 of events in their own country that the Communist media has not thought fit to mention. There is nothing conspiratorial about the way it picks up its information on happenings behind the Iron Curtain. Each week the station's researchers sweep through 800 newspapers and magazines, taking care to cross-check data with official party documents. It also draws heavily on reports from Western correspondents in the East and systematically monitors Communist radio stations. The findings are presented so that over 1,300 outside organizations in the West subscribe to RFE situation reports.

How effective is the Munich operation, which costs the U.S. taxpayer almost \$180 million a year? On the whole, it would appear to pick quite a patch. A visitor to Eastern Europe finds that, although RFE's audience cuts across the whole spectrum of society, most regular listeners fall from the urban intelligentsia. Many people feel the station for occasionally getting bogged down in detail and notwithstanding Moscow's denials, senselessness more than it should in its recommendations. But they see it as essentially trustworthy.

Officials in Moscow feel that the fact the station is continuously jammed—though with patchy results—in all the eastern countries except Hungary and Romania—is proof enough of its effectiveness. Also, the Communist press seldom passes up an opportunity to slam RFE, and the Kremlin is prominent about its "hostile activity" at the Helsinki Security Conference. "All that is music to our ears, though we would prefer Moscow to think of us as critical rather than hostile," says Morton Von Doyle, a veteran RFE field correspondent. "It means we must be saying the right things."

It's not the cola that makes it sparkle.

It's Captain Morgan Black. Taste that makes it.



## FOLLOW-UP

# All quiet in the West

How quickly they forget. Was it only last fall that Western Canadian separatists were turning out to separate rallies in droves, dressing up as "separatist mafiosi Ottawa"; that the fledgling West-Ped separatist association reported a burgeoning membership of 30,000; that Bruce Rose, founding member and vice-president of West-Ped's Calgary chapter, said, "I can't see what's going to stop us now?"

The time seemed ripe for western separation, and yet the idea went as quickly as it had come. A 24-hour fever



Separatist novelist: Bruce Rose

of the western cause, brought on by the National Energy Program, it has subsided into public indifference and apathetic complaisance. Rose, himself, quit West-Ped in January, to be followed in March by the entire Calgary executive and two members of the Edmonton committee. The Calgary office was closed, and a planned \$800,000 advertising campaign canceled.

The troubles seem far removed from the skirmish with Edmonton millionaire Elmer Knott, who helped launch West-Ped. Former members charge that Knott was leading the movement to right-wing run, alienating potential supporters with disparaging public references to "chinks and wops" and "French-losers." Says Rose: "He didn't have the smarts to do it. It's really odd because we need that vote. A similar loss of momentum has affected other separation groups. A recent

meeting of Western Canada Concept, headed by Victoria lawyer Doug Christie, attracted only 16 people. Jim Ferguson, a Calgary businessman elected to the new West-Ped executive, admits to a slight letdown. "I don't think the West-Ped groups are very for separation, so why should I put time into it?"

Don Ray, a University of Calgary political scientist, attributes the puncturing of the separatist balloon to the lack of a credible leader. "Knott was able to tap into a sense of discontent, but he has not shown the ability to build the movement." In addition, there are what

Ray refers to as "the Alberta and word," the polyglot for power between Christie and Knott and their separate supporters. Ray notes, however, that westerners are still discontented, and that a credible leader could still stir up trouble. A man in the orange construction field, "fostered by the bitterness of people like Peter Lougheed," and separation could flower under the right leadership. "People here are unhappy," says Ray. "Don't expect the separation out yet. The grassroots feel that the movement balloon is still there."

—SUSANNE EWART



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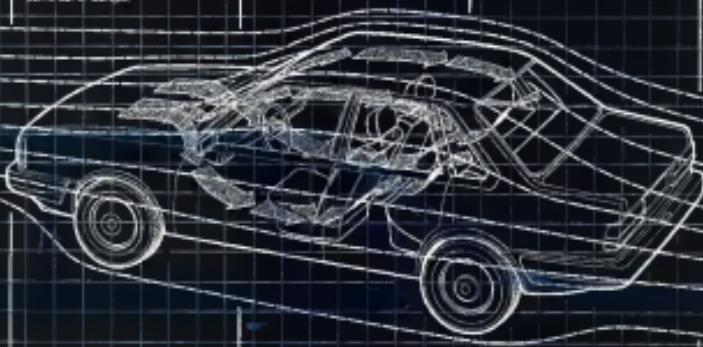


The spacious interior seats five adults in complete comfort, and as you would expect, the 4000 comes equipped with a full complement of creature comforts including AM/FM stereo radio and stereo—while the 4000 S model also offers sportsway leather seats, power windows and door locks, cruise control, and air conditioning, all as standard equipment.

On the open road, the Audi 4000 presents the driver with yet another aspect of its personality: it's a world performance. Responsive neck and precise steering is consistent with front wheel drive, and independent front suspension, complete with MacPherson struts, make this Audi one of the best-handling sedans to ever come out of Europe.

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In place of a carburetor, the 4000 uses the highly dependable CIS fuel-injection system (Continuous Injection System), which is ideally suited to easy start-ups and cold cold weather reasons. The CIS fuel injection is noted for its highly accurate metering, which results in efficient use of fuel and clean exhaust emissions. And to add economy to efficiency, the Audi 4000 runs on regular gasoline.



# Final justice, seen to be done



Supreme Court Justices Robert Dickson, Ronald McMurtry, Bora Laskin, Rosalie Abella and Jean Chrétien (front row) and (back) Julian Coursier, William Estey, William McRae and Antonio Lamer, below, Rosalie and Twaddle, to set in on worth shrinking

By John Hay

A year ago in the same room for a week with 50 lawyers—especially in the sweat-wetted Supreme Court of Canada—lawyers that day began to skin a cat on a numbered No. 10 target. The reason that the honourable trial of the Trudeau libelisation in the high court avoided anguishes infinitely subtle and varied, is to lawyers as to politicians, no one in its world sharing right now as the Canadian constitution. It was equally natural that all 11 government lawyers, some of the country's best and legal talent to plead the federal and provincial cases before the nine justices—Ontario Attorney-General Ray McMurray close to argue his case personally, while federal Minister of Justice Jean Chrétien sat in the front row of spectators as his wife was defended by legendary trial lawyer J.J. Lalonde. Plainly, this legal battle mattered more

to Kerr Twaddle, counsel for Manitoba and various of earlier Supreme Court cases, fed off for the provinces with the

without their consent. And, finally, his third contention point that a convention has been established that, when Parliament with Westminster for a change in the 1864 Act affecting the provinces, it gets them named. On this, Chief Justice Bora Laskin was clearly skeptical.

When you're talking about a convention, you're not talking about something that you do not do formally in a court of law." Laskin later called convention "a political entity," "politically sensitive," perhaps in government behaviour, but not a rule of law to be upheld in the courts. Douglas Behn, a University of Saskatchewan law professor based by Manitoba, agreed the "political entity" theory stands alongside "political reality"—that the court should recognize the past practice of provincial consent, and rule the Trudeau package unconstitutional. But Laskin was to remark on the occasion, a constitutional convention defines a custom by which its adherents feel bound. If Ontario doesn't feel bound by provincial consent in its action, there could hardly be a binding convention.

As arguments concluded in the Appell



Twaddle

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Carts like sea-polished rock, the other pretense—almost verbatim—is Twaddle's own. Quebec's Côte d'Or being not only a major artery but an federal provincial dispute as "the ultimate guardian of the integrity of the constitution." Stankewich's lawyer, Kenneth Lepre, offered from his provincial fellow to argue that something short of provincial unanimity was adequate to make a federal request to Westminster unconstitutional. It was enough, he said, for the court to rule that some agreement was essential without counting how many provinces must agree. As it happens, only Ontario and New Brunswick support Pierre Trudeau's project.

Robbette's turn to state the feds' case came as the third day of what was becoming one of the longest hearings in the court's history (more cases are set down in a day). He began by greeting the Queen's Bench with a broad range of rights and some surprising formulae, once again urging a provincial provision. Then he argued, in effect, that whatever the conventions of past amendments to the constitution, they were no business of the courts. In the first place, requests to Britain for constitutional changes were by Commons-British resolutions—not laws—and as the courts could not interfere with them. Struck by this, Mr. Justice Willard Estey interrogated to ask whether a constitutional resolution was really any different from a birthday greeting from Parliament to the Queen: "In my judgment, no, my lord," replied Robbette, who went on to argue that conventions change too often to be subjected to court enforcement and, anyway, are "pure political." True, a constitutional amendment will naturally rank second of the provinces' far amendments—"a more courageous prime minister"—Twaddle felt unmoved—would take a different course.

As the parties prepared for their private conference and judgment-waiting, there was no indication how all that might have impressed them; their interpretations in open court seemed overwhelmed by both sides of the issues. More telling were the sides caught by the microphones, which was installed last year and still catches the juntas unaware. Estey was heard wondering at one stage when the speeching Twaddle would break, two days later he whispered about a Robbette point: "Or that one, he's wrong." The lawyers, for their part, had carefully tailored their presentations to the known and rumored quirks of the justices. Laskin, for example, is thought to dislike hearing cases with past judgments quoted in the court.

With the full powers of 11 governments and their civil service in the balance, Lester's judgment in this case is likely to be the most quoted of all. □

## Dead days at the dog track

The ban enshrined with the racing dog had been heating Canadians across the West for half a century without ever being tested by law courts. It had been almost that long—Second World War days—since Darryl Prosser caught a long-distance bus (unfortunately, the two vehicles separated on the eve of Greyhound's first strike). An angry Prosser is now waiting not to be sent on a bus again for another 40 years.

"I don't think the move is the war we were treated as badly as we were," says the lethargic, 40s, witness. With no training of the drivers, the then Greyhound's eastern manager, Verna Colclough, Prosser has a bus in Peterborough, Ont., where she had been visiting her son. The following

brought Prosser home—24 hours later than Greyhound would have.

At that, she was lucky. Had the tar-rotted bus been delayed longer, she has already could not even have begun because by last Wednesday, Verna Colclough's operations in eastern Ontario were also shut down as 450 drivers and support staff struck for parity with their Greyhound brethren. By last weekend, Greyhound strike leaders had a new offer to try on their membership which they were confident would have buses rolling again across the West this week, but not before transnational bus travel from Vancouver as far as Montreal had been grounded for five days, the first such shutdown ever.

If Darryl Prosser was outraged by Greyhound's first strike, since the local Greyhound, Trans-Canada, Local 1574, was brought right in 1981, most westerners were merely shocked. Canadians have grown accustomed to lousy air service, a post office slower



Toronto pickets: Once you arise at . . .

than the pony express and trains that are more objects of nostalgia than they are a means of transportation. But Greyhound had been as reliable as service, running every day of the year to almost every corner of Alberta and across five provinces from Vancouver to Toronto—a route that last year carried 6.6 million passengers. Having subscribed to Greyhound's slogan of LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US, passengers and busmen as varied as veterinarian and equipment dealers suddenly found themselves back in the driver's seat as subcontracting for cars, coaches and carage companies.

The response between Calgary-based, Alberta-based Greyhound and its 1,600 employees came after four months of fruitless negotiations. Union members rejected a 20-per cent wage hike over three years that would have given drivers a top rate of \$9.46 cents a mile or

# DATSON DARES...



## TO OFFER 200SXCITEMENT!

Readers of "Car and Driver" rated it the best import car of 1980. From the makers of 280ZX comes the pure excitement 200SX. From the OHC electronic fuel injected NAPS-Z engine to the surround sound concerture stereo, everything says you're



the kind of driver who dares to go first class.



## DATSON 200SX



On duty in Calgary. and (right) Daisy

port and General Workers. "Ours is 27.75 cents. Management has offered us 30.75 cents in the first year and another 3.75 cents in the second." In a Toronto packet line Voyager driver Jim Sancious added, "This is the only bus company I know that doesn't pay for meals on the road."

When planes or trains go on strike, bus drivers take up the slack, but drivers added that travellers can always afford an air ticket. Last week local bus routes in Saskatchewan and Manitoba were closed because of hunger when the Greyhound drivers went on strike. The bus drivers added extra stops on its Canadian and Super Continental routes to handle passenger loads up by 50 per cent. The biggest beneficiaries when bus express service halted were courier firms, with dispatches to rural posts up 25 per cent in Parcerville's Winnipeg office. One way or another, package, mail, passenger and money made their way to their destinations. Lieutenant Max, veterinarian Dr. John Coates, who was sending his lab samples to Winnipeg with fenders on their own errands, commented, "It's a lot like the post office—once you post it you have to live with what it is."

—ROBERT SWARTZ

about \$15 per hour. The strike-ending offer accepted by the union leadership will give them, says President Bob Sancious, about a 12.6-per-cent increase this year and 10 per cent more in each of the next two years, a compounded increase of about 25 per cent. "We have the highest-paid drivers in North America," says Greyhound Vice-President Bruce Tyson, calculating that the

top rate of 38.87 cents a mile will give the average driver, by the end of the contract, more than \$30,000 a year.

No such glad offers were being made to *entree*. Voyager Colonial drivers had on to the Queen's highway of Ontario. "Our mileage rate has fallen more substantially below Greyhound," emphasizes Ed Fisher, spokesman for the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Tram-

## May we buy the next dance?

When the United States lifted its embargo on grain shipments to the USSR late last month—an embargo imposed as punishment for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—the grain-short Kremlin dealers might have been expected to act and wake up with those reconstituted comrades in the West. Influent Soviet production methods combined with poor weather have forced the USSR to rely increasingly on capitalist grain. The Soviets, however, have been curiously reluctant to offer their dance cards for this year's harvest ball, even though a five-year agreement with the US for up-to-eight million tonnes a year expires this Sept. 30. Moscow, however, may be upping Washington's enticement, since the Soviets have been making time with an old and reliable lover. Though Ottawa was being coy about admitting it last week, Prairie grain men clearly had the word: Canada has struck an implicit and longest grain deal with the USSR. Over the next five years the Soviets will buy no fewer than 25 million tonnes of wheat and barley worth \$6 billion.\*

\*A long-term contract of this size will

cost the 2019 grain acres Canada sold 2.8 million tonnes to the USSR in 1980.



Capitalist wheel, and (below) Radka reluctant to prove their dance cards



certainly give stability to the industry's future," crowed Mac Runciman, president of the powerful United Grain Growers co-operative in Winnipeg. But will Canada be able to grow and ship enough grain to fulfil its ambitious and far-flung world objectives of selling 36 million tonnes a year by 1990? A stated intent, this fall looks more than possible because of unusually dry and hot weather on the Prairies, particularly in Saskatchewan, and Thomas Radka, acting grain transportation administrator for the B.C. Grain Marketing Board, reported last week that grain production this year will be 10 per cent above 1980 and 1980 in four cities. They were George Fisher, the president of Saskatchewan Co-op, which in 1980 sold 1.6 million tonnes of a long line of black bread, George Currie, 52, co-president of 1000 Redheads Ltd. (which once owned eight Canadian newspaper signs of an investment fortune who has had the SE of take-overs, and John Terry, 51, deputy chairman of Thomson Newspapers Ltd., a Bay Street acquisition.

In any event, the bakers are hot to trot, and the bakers are hot to trot.

imposing a federal investigation by "tearing, pulling, attempting to determine and strengthen its links to organized crime," which it called "elements" during a raid at the Thomson paper headquarters last Sept. 9. (A committee could award a maximum \$60,000 fine and/or a maximum of two years in jail.) The other officers of the companies face no penalties because of a long-standing custom that individuals are not charged for alleged crimes by

their companies. But the shares, if unclaimed, could face fines up to \$1 million on each count.

It isn't as bad as it sounds. Because of such anti-monopoly legislation, the federal prison department faces a stiff challenge. The oligopoly case is a general matter under the Competition Investigation Act and the Canadian government provided a reasonable doubt, not only that companies reduced competition but that they did so unlawfully. The Crown lost the celebrated Atlantic Seaboard case as these grounds in the Supreme Court last summer. As for the merger and monopoly matters, federal authorities may prove that the newspaper deals were "to the detriment or against the interest of the public." That test failed in the Supreme Court in 1976 when the matter of the B.C. long-distance telephone monopoly of all the English newspapers in the province was decided. Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Andre Ouellet, whose department investigated the newspaper deals, believes the law is a "mess"—almost terribly ineffective in preventing control over mergers and monopolies.

The government seems on the cusp of the changes coming on the backs of a hot-bloking administration before the Royal Commission on Newspapers under Chairman Tim Kent.

The four months of hearings which ended last month turned the newspaper trade into a story out of comic books, even as it was downplayed. Tales of double-deals and takeovers elicited renders to a major story, including right after their hearing, of schemes and grain deals that is transporting the public as a grain train from Governor to Governor. The high priests of press, long accustomed to banding bands to clasp hands and swearing their sacred oaths, turned money and defiance when they were called to their accounting. It's the open, with

## COVER

# THE PRESS BARONS

*They are powerful, shy of public scrutiny and have a lot in common*

By Robert Lewis

**T**he two of them grew up together in Montreal, attended the same private boys' school and were fraternity mates at McGill University. They rose to head two great national newspaper chains and, as rivals, they fought to the death for control of each other's respective books. When one did the other in, the victor rang up the new proprietor's right-hand man. The two new apprentices talked more and more in the past three short years, the Canadian journalistic elite has been carved up with the precision of ancient Egyptian tomb stonemasons.

Competing English-language dailies have disappeared in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa and Montreal. Two big titans of print, Southern and Thomson, now control 50 per cent of the Canadian newspaper market. Thomson, once controlled by two large chains in 1973 (see chart, page 31). The concentration of power has sparked a public inquiry and the expressed fear that, someday, one man would own all the presses.

Without notice around 3 p.m. last Friday, before a Justice of the peace in Victoria, the three men who talked in the shade of privacy were named as identified conspirators for conspiring daily between 1980 and 1986 in four cities. They were George Fisher, the president of Saskatchewan Co-op, which in 1980 sold 1.6 million tonnes of a long line of black bread, George Currie, 52, co-president of 1000 Redheads Ltd. (which once owned eight Canadian newspaper signs of an investment fortune who has had the SE of take-overs, and John Terry, 51, deputy chairman of Thomson Newspapers Ltd., a Bay Street acquisition.

These companies were charged with conspiracy to reduce competition so



Thomson (top); Fisher, fear that one day one man would own all the presses

imposing a federal investigation by "tearing, pulling, attempting to determine and strengthen its links to organized crime," which it called "elements" during a raid at the Thomson paper headquarters last Sept. 9. (A committee could award a maximum \$60,000 fine and/or a maximum of two years in jail.) The other officers of the companies face no penalties because of a long-standing custom that individuals are not charged for alleged crimes by

clenched teeth and sharp pencils, they sing to a public that was exposed as a private business just like any other.

The members of the chain sing song of fealty to shareholders, of market share, profit centre and penetration rule. They argued that the best papers alive that would die on their own. "As for cost in the paper," said one of the most astute members, the statement was as dry as the desert. When it comes to the business, they sang, they sang each other's sentence. "Survival is the first prerequisite" (Southern's Gordon Finkley). "To survive you must make a profit" (Glen Thomson of Fleet and Toronto). "If your paper doesn't make money, it can't survive" (Paul Bremner, owner of Power Corp. and Le Presse).

The end of journalism as it was thought to be—competitive and cut-throat—came on "Black Wednesday."



Opposite: they played neighborhood games high up on the mountain in Whistlerwood

Aug. 27, 1980, when Southern closed the Whistler Tribune and Thomson shut the Ottawa Journal and held a press conference in a red ink. Thomson had bought the Journal earlier in the year as part of its acquisition of the eight-page *Le Droit* (including the *Montreal Gazette*, *Quebec* and *Montreal*), the *Montreal Free Press* and the *Montreal Gazette*. *Le Droit* (Herald) Thomson walked up to Black Wednesday by selling off the money-losing *Calgary Albertan* to the *Toronto Star* chain and by merging the *Vancouver Star* and *Colosseum*. When the day came, Thomson said Southern had half-interest in *Post-Press* Ltd., joint publisher of the *Vancouver Star* and *Province*. It didn't take Southern his 25-per-cent interest in the *Montreal Gazette*, a kinsman from the deal made when *Le Droit* closed the *Montreal Star* in 1929. In Whistler, the proud name of the Tribune sold to Thomson—*Le Droit*—was the press for more than \$1 million. "Journals in Canada," quoted

## Counting pennies in the millions

For more than an academic memo, there was love between the Ottawa news boozers and the Toronto headquarters of *Post-Press* Newspapers Ltd. Through the summer, growth deflated the hot issue—\$500,000—found to cover the cost of mailing costs not enough to be telephoned to the chain's 27 Canadian dailies. The year was 1985. The revenues were \$300 million.

The man at the centre was Brian Sleight, then general manager, now executive vice-president at Thomson, and a former newspaper owner who obviously hasn't lost an eye for any little detail. Between annual gains on a low-key, Sleight recalls the decision those years ago to decline the bureau's request for postage. He knew the Ottawa office

people, in fact, warned publishers to "stand against factory workers who will agitate for union rates and readmission." Shortly after Ken Thomson's oil-rich family paid \$100 million for the eight papers of the *Post-Press* Newspapers Ltd. chain—excluding the *Toronto Globe* and *Mail*—a 10-cent increase was enough to cover the cost of mailing costs not enough to be telephoned to the chain's 27 Canadian dailies. The year was 1985. The revenues were \$300 million.

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McConachy's tales from his rounds of the papers were as cheerful as a train wreck, but also less roasting. He had managed to hire a part-time reporter in Halifax to serve the chain's seven Atlantic papers. But the man quit after six months because of the pay \$800 a week when the legislature sat, \$100 when it didn't. In all his days, McConachy learned, he managed to increase the *Or-*

## It's what shareholders want a management to do'



Elle in perspective: "There is no such negative coming out of it. It's an understandable image, and I don't think it's justifiable." It's a snapshot of the papers of small towns, he notes, and the readers were the nation and the world. He admires the reporter to look at his papers. "You should be judging the *Sarnia Observer* with another paper is a similar community."

In the reading room on Parliament Hill, the papers from the nation and the globe are laid open on the stand-up racks. The April 14 edition of *The Observer* in Sarnia (population 31,000) acknowledges the right before in a 38-paragraph story on page 1 by Canadian Press (there being no Thomson correspondent in Quebec). There is no editorial, no other comment. Down the rack, the independent *Whig Standard*, owned by Michael Davies of Kingston (population 68,000), offers three front-page pieces on the Que-



...tions reporting staff from one to two (the third Ottawa hand in the perspective writer—co-columnist, Stewart McLeod) apart from two Toronto-based columnists and a three-man bureau at Queen's Park. Thomson News Service has no one else. McConachy concludes sadly that the company "is inhibited by a modesty that can only be matched by its financial success." There was an indifference to the editorial use of the newspapers. "Small is beautiful" could describe the basic tenet followed by the company.

As they do to most citizens, the Thomson news circle reacts to McConachy in the manner of religious fundamentalists: saddened that a follower has strayed from the flock. Going off the record, they look into the damage and lamentations about "poor Colby" and wonder why he stayed so long if he was so unhappy. *Alberta* President Thomson: "Whether anyone likes it or not, we're nice people." Adds Sleight: "None of these things were problems at the time. They only emerged after he quit."

So Colin McConachy concluded, when, after about 30 years with Thomson—



Thomson (right), Sleight (left), Hamilton (middle), McConachy: the formula

box vista, one by a spiritual contributor. Inside, there is an editorial and a cartoon. The *Post-Press* has a page over three columns, three pages. A second page contains four background stories.

It is difficult to imagine that Ken Thomson, Lord of Fleet, head of a grand multinational corporation and his father's son, doesn't know the difference. In fact, he hardly does when he talks about the future, now that his empire spans major papers in Toronto, Winnipeg and Victoria. "I had five crystal balls," he laughs softly. "I'd have to look at every one of them. These things could evolve. As we expand and grow, we must change our attitudes. I don't want to close out a broad-minded view." Old school, McConachy was much more modest. "It's a matter of moving into the fast lane of journalism." It has been a modest start. From Thomson, Brian Sleight is looking for a Halifax reporter, and, as for the matter of the stamp amount in Ottawa, Sleight ended that dispute by ordering up a postage stamp.

MACLEAN'S OCTOBER 19, 1981 37

Members of the chain gang sing of market share, profit centres and penetration rates

Ken Thornton, owner of Thornton Newspapers Ltd., "will not be quite the same, will it?" In many quarters of the trade, the feeling was that Thornton would not be to that (see box, page 28)

Gordon Fisher is a sturdy helmsman who sits out of Toronto's Royal Canadian Yacht Club. He is a competitive racer whose specialty is the wind, where skill and nerve are needed to take advantage of the opportunity... without jettisoning the boat and being disqualified. On a cruise to Bermuda aboard Bluejill II in 1980, the crew grew up hopes of salvaging the ship in a savage North Atlantic storm which swept miles over the sole Fisher patched in with a stony grip and helped her back to port.



Kent (left) presiding at commission: the battle has only just begun

"Starred," appropriately, is Fisher's stated goal for Southern, the family firm he avoided after uncertainty became it seemed "too hot." His father, Philip, married a granddaughter of founder William Southern, who bought into his first paper in Hamilton in 1887. Fisher, who passed, the presidential torch to St. Clair Balloer, who in turn nominated his nephew Gordon Fisher to the firm in 1958 and handed on to him the top post in 1975.

Southern faces problems beyond an inquiry by the Kent commission and a protracted case in the courts. Because the widely scattered class of independent Southern holds only 40 per cent of the public company's stock, Fisher fears that the company is vulnerable to take-over. As the first member of the family to shut down a major newspaper—typically, he went to Winnipeg and stood on a dock in the riverfront to announce the dying deal, himself—

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Fisher doesn't want to lose the dynasty, too. With as obvious a successor from the family now in place, Fisher may have to go outside for a professional manager.

The obligation is family and shareholders go a long way to explain why the small set of Canadian press lords spend so much time trying to get along in the club. Two days after George Currie became president of *Post* in 1976, he sat down with Fisher in a Toronto hotel to make a deal. The talk lapsed as sensibly as Alberta trade. As kids they played neighborhood games high up on the mountain in Westmount. They attended exclusive Trinity College School, where Fisher was "prize mat (student) in his senior year. They were members of Kappa Alpha as students in engineering at McGill. The master of the April meeting in 1928 was a plan to raze two crowded Saturday magazine supplement *Post's* Working and Southern's *Canadian*. It's a new one

magazine, known as *Toddy*, and it's the four remaining competing English markets—St. John's, Toronto, Calgary and Edmonton—it appears in only one of the papers.

When a strike began at *Post's* Montreal Star in June 1978, Fisher and Currie started an intimate dance to keep their two papers alive. As revealed in testimony before the Kent commission, the log of constant contact before the snags of a trade that goes for the jugular. It was June 23, the first day of the strike, when Fisher called Currie, as the *Post* boys recall, to promise that the competing *Graphic* "will take no action which would take advantage of our unfortunate situation." Because of union tactics, aimed at whipping one paper against the other, the two agreed to help each other out—out of a sense, as Fisher put it, that "you scratch my back this round of negotiations, I'll scratch your back next round."

Throughout the eight-month strike, Fisher and Currie talked regularly—



Creighton (left); Currie (right): the freedom of voices with large echoes



# MYERS'S



ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.

*Journalism in Canada will not be quite the same, will it? —Ken Thomson*

about a possible partnership to publish both papers from one plant, about the dreaded prospect, into the dispute was over, that there would be, as Carrie recalls Fisher's words, "a holy war in Montreal" that we would be knocking each other out to recuperate our position". Carrie observed, "It was in [Southam's] interest not to do anything in Montreal which would be alienate us so that it would prevent an accommodation." They had agreed about the Sunday supplements and, Carrie volunteered, "We had to find an accommodation in *Winnipeg*—where the situation was reversed, with *TP* in the lead. Sad Carrie: "We had to find some way of resolving these issues, which were already severe. You can't look at the situation



Tony Bay Smart acquisition architect

named Pierre Trudeau's passage for constitutional patriation to the fact that "history as far has nothing to say of any regulation about 100 years of advertising the country". After the author, word reached Megarry from several sources that Trudeau was planning to ask Megarry's boss, Ken Thomson, to get the *Globe* publisher off the rat's back. It never happened, but, says Megarry, "Trudeau failed. I don't give a damn. I'm not going to be deterred." In addition to more switches, Megarry has presided over the *Globe's* national satellite edition, the opening of new bureaus in Edmonton, Winnipeg and Mexico City and the make-up of a planned Sunday edition.

For now the media will decide the issue. Whatever the verdict, it will not bring back the paper. There is doubt that even Kent can come up with a remedy for the stunning trend to concentration by large firms which within their spheres control conflicting interests. In the past 10 years the chains have

gained people what he believes they want. These days, no west papers seem to believe that means brains and brawn. Over the past 20 years, as television has up a global village, newspapers have been entering a smaller percentage of households. People who are eating out more, running harder, are simply not contemplating "me" have less time for the words of print on paper and more for both and for *TV*.

The fewer the choices, the more the papers seem to look the same. To organize them for busy people and to grab those who don't want a "real" paper, editors—with consultants guiding them—have planted forests of special sections with names such as *Transpo*, *Fun*, *Home*, *Food and Fashion*. In Ottawa, the Ottawa Journal's Friday night food issue, called *Winnit*, which is full of flesh and beef and entertainment for the under-30 crowd. There is also a heavier dose of how-to-service. One day last month the *Montreal Gazette* ran a fashion feature, called "Dollars and Sense", which explained how to build a wardrobe around a "super Lascivious shirt". Eight paragraphs later, the paragraph started *Winnit*. It adds up to journalism with a mass beat, for readers whose "lips move when they read", in the phrase quoted by Ottawa humor columnist Charlie Gordon back in 1979.

But what does all this mean, after all, to have a free press? Is there, after all, an oligopoly? They had, they say, no obligation to lose money. Noting a series of federal moves on the chains and speeches by senior Liberals attacking newspapers, Southam's Fisher notes: "A free press is close to being empty, and publicly harassed to the most powerful government." Patrick O'Callaghan, the free-wheeling publisher of the *Edmonton Journal*, declares: "We are going to be outside the Liberal Party. Friends of speech at issue. Who will be the first to step back from the book?"



O'Callaghan (left). Periodicals giving the people what *he* believes they want

means to avoid the news breaking while the premiers were meeting in Winnipeg.

All sides deny there was any conspiracy. They had, they say, no obligation to lose money. Noting a series of federal moves on the chains and speeches by senior Liberals attacking newspapers, Southam's Fisher notes: "A free press is close to being empty, and publicly harassed to the most powerful government." Patrick O'Callaghan, the free-wheeling publisher of the *Edmonton Journal*, declares: "We are going to be outside the Liberal Party. Friends of speech at issue. Who will be the first to step back from the book?"

Not Roy Megarry, publisher of the *Globe and Mail*, if he has his way. Back in February the Belfast-born newspaper returned to the old World and, before London's Royal Commonwealth Society

strengthened their grip on circulation over the independents. Today, only three of the 15 largest papers are independently owned, compared to nine a decade ago—three of which failed.

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circulation in the land and five national newspaper awards for 1980, was fall victim to the purge. When, in the midst of the Kent commission hearings, Torstar Corporation took over a chain of suburban Toronto weeklies from the *Saskatoon Star* for \$15.5 million, it was front-page news in the *real Globe and Mail*. The *Star*, which ran a company press release on page 5 of the Saturday business section, in the same manner, when the *Saskatoon Star* Telugu Jews and Hindus learned of its sale to Kent, readers learned for the first time how K.C. Irving and his sons had quickly right up their newspaper holdings in 1972 when father moved to Bermuda.

For those within the trade, fewer owners mean fewer chances to speak out without fear of reprimand. The *TP* commission discovered that David Radler, president of the British Columbia-based Sterling chain, had ordered some papers to run his editorial attacking *NDP* MPs for wearing black armbands during the Ottawa visit by Ronald Reagan in March. The press has

posed to spread *Journal* newspapers and a retraction was printed—but only after staffers presented the order, for which they were scolded. Reporters from the Canadian Press (CP) also told Kent that *Toronto Star* editors had ordered them to downplay the role of Thomson head office in stories about labor problems at the chain's papers. In fact, Thomson and Southam succeeded for a time in suppressing the use of the word "chain" on the CP news wire.

According to Radler, his opposition to news-watching bodies for newspapers was more about that, not, but Radler spoke what was in the hearts of the chain bosses. "Because we would appear before some press councils and explain our action and, you know, it's an open forum for discussions and things like that." With Kent and the south to come, it seems the alone has only begun.

With files from Anne Bruce, Carol Kramer, David Fidler, Kathryn Malusky and DeMarie Roth.

## Everywhere in chains



Share of English-language newspaper circulation by ownership

	1970 % Share	Share 1980	Share Change
Independents	49.7%	25.4%	-14.3%
Southam	21.5	30.8	+9.3
Thomson	10.4	26.9	+16.5
Sask Group	—	4.3	+4.3
Irving	2.7	2.0	+0.3
Others	2.8	4.3	+1.4
FP Publications	37.6	—	-39.6

Share of French-language newspaper circulation

	1970 % Share	Share 1980	Share Change
Independents	51.0%	18.7%	-32.3%
Quebec	11.6	40.5	+28.9
Demersia	36.2	26.1	-9.4
Canada	—	5.7	+5.7

# Those A's are flying again

With "Billyball" and a new owner the Oakland's A's are setting records



The Oakland A's brewing (here with Seattle), Martin keeping a cell with an ankle, every flick in the book, and often a ear or one from Martin every day

By Bruce Jenkins

It was a day off for the Oakland A's and their manager, Billy Martin, cheerleaders in attendance. The last thing he wanted to do was address the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, where his audience wouldn't know the infield fly rule from a side rule. But Martin showed up, in his best behavior, and charmed the gathering with an eloquent speech: "Let me be the first to tell you," he concluded, "that the A's are going to the World Series."

Baseball people would have laughed at that statement last winter, but they aren't laughing now. The Oakland A's, with Martin running the show and Charles O. Finley a distant memory, are the fastest-starting team in major league history and are showing no signs of slowing down. They have done it with "Billyball," the popular expression for Martin's aggressive, unpredictable style of managing—a five-man pitching rotation which invariably finishes what it starts and a young, gifted outfield

pany consider to be the finest in baseball. More significantly, the A's have finally become a big-league operation. Improvements were inevitable when Walter A. Haas Jr. (head of Levi Strauss & Co.) bought the club from Finley for \$32.7 million, but until opening night at the Coliseum nobody realized how drastically things have changed.

An hour before game time, some 3,000 people were waiting outside and entering at an invitation-only dinner in the Coliseum's Exhibition Hall. That would have been a good turnout for an A's game just two years ago, when the club drew only 386,763 fans to 81 home games. The stadium itself had a bright new look. Seats had been painted, the outfield walls padded, the sound system improved, the lighting cover relaxed to ensure league standards. The score board, which contained names and numbers for years, actually worked. Dyan music had been replaced by tapes of contemporary records and Collegetown became the A's theme song. "This isn't

a ball game," said one delighted fan, "it's a party."

The A's were already the talk of baseball with an eight-game winning streak and they opened the home season with a 16-1 thrashing of the Seattle Mariners. They hit five home runs, two of them by Tony Armas, who was twice called back onto the field for encore by the box-ticker record crowd of 30,255. There had been big crowds at the Coliseum before when the A's won three straight World Series from 1972 to 1974, but none quite like this.

"In the past," said pitcher Steve McCatty, "if we got 30,000 people, 25,000 would be for the other team. We'd get the other 5,000. This crowd had us so packed up, there was no way we could lose." Club President Ray Eisenhardt, standing with his wife in an empty press box after the game, couldn't express his elation. "To say anything," he drawled, "would be sacrilegious."

Two days later, after setting a major league record by winning their first 13 games, the A's finally lost—3-2 to Seattle in the second game of a double-head-



# RADIO GUIDE



## RADIO WEEK

A celebration of the best in Canadian radio  
May 9-May 15

PROGRAMS FOR MAY 9-MAY 22

THE GUIDE TO CRC RADIO AND CRC STEREO



# REMARKABLE RADIO

Radio Week, May 9-15, is a festival of special CBC programming and community activities. It's an occasion, as *Doug Fetherling* observes, to marvel at one of the world's most celebrated radio services



**THE STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY** have been called the vanguard of all that's serious in the United States, in much the same way residents of Southern California are supposed to be the leading edge of pop culture and bizarre religious cults. So it may come as a shock to learn that the fashion is intellectual snobbery at Harvard these days. It's not reading Thomas Pynchon or discussing the New Physics from France, in credit as it may seem, in the thing is listening to CBC Radio.

Canadians them selves don't often look upon one of the world's longest—and, in some ways, most singular—radio networks as the amazing institution it is, just as they tourists visit the Tower of London to look and abh. Yet this tendency to be taken for granted has not been for want of trying on the CBC's part. From May 9 to May 13, for the second year in a row, the network is showing itself to best advantage with CBC Radio Week, which will include one-time programs as well as special features within existing shows, some of which will devote air time to CBC history.

Perhaps CBC Radio is relatively little remarked on because of its long history (it has become part of our collective subconscious). Its roots were deeply sunk, and more or less taken for granted, by 1952, when the CBC also moved into television, which promptly stole much of radio's thunder. The radio wing is still the lesser one to day, at least in terms of budget and consequent overplay, if only because radios, by its nature, cheaper and less frenetic than television. Yet the situation is reassuring in a way. While most everyone's attention has been fixed on television—what it ought (and ought not) to do for Canada's self-image, and to what extent (if at all) it should cater to the public appetite for American programs—CBC Radio has to go its own way, protecting most all its own material (unlike TV) and, with many innovations and comparatively few upsets, holding the popular and the rarefied audiences in a delicate balance that is the envy of similar organizations around the world.

The entire Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, radio and TV alike (but not counting the many freelancers and contract workers), has on the order of 12,000 employees

Yet only one-tenth of these work in radio. Radio's share of the total budget works out to no more than the same proportion. This means that as facilities, too, the English and French radio networks are sometimes seen as poor relatives—though lately the situation has improved. The English network, for instance, has the use of more than 300 production studios, recording numerous masterpieces, but not all of them state-of-the-art. It gives a good suggestion of network's physical double personality, for instance, to realize that the Toronto Radio Building, a former girls' school that (to be kind) has seen better days, is also the site of a master control room that looks like a set for *Star Wars*.

With one foot in each of these worlds, the CBC English language radio service managed, in 1980, to produce 111,318 hours of network programming and 61,602 hours of regional shows. On CBC Television, a network hour of program in costs over \$55,000 to put on air and a regional hour

involves a budget of \$10,000. For CBC Radio One's perspective figures are only \$2,605 and—impressive!—\$511. The comparison is to make all the more vivid by remembering that even CBC TV costs are far less than the equivalent ones for television in the U.S.

A little over \$80,000. For CBC Radio One's perspective figures are only \$2,605 and—impressive!—\$511. The comparison is to make all the more vivid by remembering that even CBC TV costs are far less than the equivalent ones for television in the U.S.

Perhaps the most significant decision affecting the radio portion of the CBC in recent times was one that began taking form in 1972. That's when the corporation



Foster Hewitt became a Saturday night institution in Canadian homes when hockey became radio's most popular program in the 1940s and 1950s. He did his first hockey play-by-play radio broadcast in 1922

contemplated dividing up the networks along vaguely BBC-like lines, with the AM service (which would have been called Radio One) devoted to news and light entertainment, and the FM service (to have been called Radio Two) given over to drama, serious music and documentaries. At the time, there was a certain amount of criticism in the press, centering on the complaint that this would depress a lot of the country, which didn't then pick up FM, through a lack of equipment programming. In

fact, the CBC staff soon recognized that the plan was a bit premature. But now, with about 74 per cent of English-speaking Canadians able to receive FM, something like the same scheme is effectively at work, though with a different set of reasons. The basic English AM service—which used to be known as the AM network—is simply called CBC Radio. It also broadcasts on the FM band in many areas, owing to technical reasons or problems of geography. And what was formerly called the FM network is now termed CBC Stereo. Even people who originally opposed the 1972 plan now support the results of what's come in its place: a determination to attract large middle-brow audiences without lessening the network's grip on the elite listeners.

The cultural role

needs little more said about it. Every

one knows that for decades radio drama was practically

our only indigenous drama,

that the CBC virtually kept

the short story alive in this

country, that it's a rare book

of good Canadian poetry

that doesn't include an

acknowledgement to the

program. And the literary

and arts commentary, too,

the record is bright.

The cultural side of CBC

Radio, even accounts for

more than its share of cultur

al and sometimes bawdy

entertainment. On one

occasion, many years ago,

iger Steinberg was hired

to Toronto to conduct vari

ous works which, on later

inspection, were found to

have been recorded on dirty tape. The results, sadly, were awful. Then there was the time Orson Welles turned up to star in a live radio drama only to disappear during the first half of the show; he was found on the stage of a local hotel dining room, dressed as a magician and sawing a woman in half. Listeners never did figure out why the voice of the main character changed in mid-play.

In any case, the role CBC Radio plays in the cultural world is understood and appreciated. People are less cognizant of the following generated by other types of programming.

It's staggering to think that 2,883,700 people tune in one of 26 CBC Radio stations each week—and that figure is exclusive of the affiliated private stations and the elaborate Northern Service, which hopes within the next few years to have a transmitter in every settlement of more than 500 people and already broadcasts in such languages as Dogrib, Chipewyan, Slavek, and Inuvialuktun, and CBC Radio has combined both English listeners—now including 900,000 through the affiliated stations.

CBC Radio Stereo drew 4 million



When he retired in 1975, Marcel Diamond was Vice-President, Special Services. Here he is, smiling, in CBC's dugout, from the Dallas-Ft. Worth during the Second World Series.

Audience of one million is a real achievement, and CBC Radio has many such ratings. *The World At Eight* and *The World At Nine* each get one million morning listeners weekly. *The World At Six*, in the early evenings, has almost as many. The latest independent figures reveal that Sunday Morning also has over one million listeners (including affiliated stations), as does *AB Beggars* (reckoned on a weekly basis).

The loyalty is measured in other ways as well. CBC Radio comes within a few hundred letters of receiving the same amount of unsolicited (usually friendly) mail as does CBC TV. A constant stream of letters also comes from out-of-towners.

One frequent correspondent is a man in Friendship, New York, who says he follows Canadian politics as a sort of avocation and appreciates the constitutional coverage from Ottawa. An American eccentric, obviously, or a recent Harvard graduate.

Americans in areas near the border naturally pick up the CBC in the normal way. What's more surprising is the amount of CBC Radio material that's rebroadcast in other parts of the world and the prestige CBC Radio carries in the international broadcasting fraternity. Basically, there are two avenues of such dissemina



During the Second World War, Canadian troops were entertained by the Canadian Army Show. Two stars of that show—entertainers Adeline Bayne (front left) and Frank Skinner (above right)—went on to greater success, and have been associated with the CBC for more than three decades.







## 4:04 STEREO

SOUND TRACK

Host: BOB MCGREGOR  
Music: BOB MCGREGOR  
Takes a look at the music  
today. Includes several  
samples and the CBC's new  
20000 record series.

6:00 RADIO • STEREO  
THE WORLD AT SIX  
Local news/world news

**6:30 RADIO**  
AS IT HAPPENS  
Host: KAREN S. PRITCHARD  
A political and cultural discussion.  
Wednesday: A look at the new Money  
Committee and its report.

6:30 STEREO  
LISTEN TO THE MUSIC  
Host: MARC JARRELL  
Lyrical, historical, classic music

**6:04 RADIO**  
VARIETY TONIGHT  
Host: DAVID COLE



## GLOVE ANONYCAPHIRE

Local news/interviews for the 30th Westminster - features in London as a special holiday treat.  
SECOND CALL: The 30th Westminster Concert - Peter Rabinovitch. The CBC and the Peter Rabinovitch Concert present a country music concert featuring some of the best names in the business - Anne Murray, Phil Pickett and Bob Fawcett. Includes a look at Westminster and its 30th anniversary.

## 8:04 STEREO

**IDEAS**  
Host: RUTH GERMANN  
Local news, features, arts, politics, readings on a broad range of topics, 2000 stories. An interview of The Money Committee and its report.

From various sources and interviews with former Money Committee members, including a broad range of topics, 2000 stories. An interview of The Money Committee and its report.

## 9:00 Stereo

**ARTS/NATIONAL**  
Host: KAREN WELLS,  
JIM WRIGHT  
Reviews, arts, music, reviews, plus  
columns.

10:00 RADIO  
NATIONAL NEWS  
Local news, summary of world news10:16 RADIO  
REGIONAL WEATHER10:20 RADIO  
SOUNDTRACK

Host: BOB MCGREGOR  
Takes a look at the music  
today. Includes several  
samples and the CBC's new  
20000 record series.

10:35 STEREO  
MOSTLY MUSIC  
Host: BARCLAY McMICHAEL

Local news, music, reviews, plus  
columns. From Ottawa the second  
night of the radio music awards  
and the CBC's 20th Anniversary  
Concert.

## 11:05 STEREO

**A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC**  
Host: GREGORY M. MURKIN  
A look at the music of  
Gordon Jenkins. Includes open line to  
American Wind Ensemble.

Host: GREGORY M. MURKIN  
A look at the music of  
Peter Schickele. Includes open line to  
The Light Opera Society.

**12:00 p.m. STEREO**  
THAT MIDNIGHT JAZZ  
Host: KATE WALLACE

**12:07 Radio**  
**STEREO**  
Host: ALLAN McFEE

THURSDAY  
MAY 146:00 a.m. RADIO  
LOCAL/REGIONAL PROGRAM

Three hours of local news and  
informative stories, weather reports,  
local sports, community news.

6:04 STEREO  
STEREO MORNING  
Host: BOB MCGREGOR

A studio hour news and general  
open line to the public. Also includes  
a look at the music awards.

7:00 STEREO • SOUND RADIO  
8:00 RADIO • STEREO  
THE WORLD AT SIX

Local news and world news.

8:30 STEREO  
LISTEN TO THE MUSIC  
Host: MARC JARRELL  
Lyrical, historical, classic music9:00 STEREO  
VARIETY TONIGHT  
Host: DAVID COLE

Local news, reviews, plus  
columns. From Ottawa the second  
night of the radio music awards.

11:35 STEREO  
MOSTLY MUSIC  
Host: BARCLAY McMICHAEL

Local news, music, reviews, plus  
columns. From Ottawa the second  
night of the radio music awards.

The second radio musical festival  
of the 20th CBC Radio Music  
Awards. Winners will share  
\$100,000 worth of prizes.

12 NOON RADIO  
LOCAL/REGIONAL PROGRAM

Three hours of local news  
and informative stories, weather  
reports, local sports, community news.

1:04 Stereo  
OFF THE RECORD

Host: BOB MCGREGOR  
That's it - radio's ultimate

2:04 RADIO  
NDG, South Alton, B.C.  
PROVINCIAL SCHOOLS

Local news, reviews.

## 3:00 RADIO

Host: DENNIS WOODBURN  
Reviews, classical music, reviews.

3:30 STEREO  
MONTREAL/APLES-HINDU  
Host: BOB MCGREGOR

A studio hour news and general  
open line to the public. Includes  
a look at the music awards.

4:04 Radio  
LOCAL/REGIONAL PROGRAM

Local news, reviews, plus  
columns. From Ottawa the second  
night of the radio music awards.

4:04 Stereo  
SOUNDTRACK

Host: BOB MCGREGOR  
A studio hour news and general  
open line to the public. Includes  
a look at the music awards.

## 5:00 Radio • STEREO

THE WORLD AT SIX  
Local news and world news.

6:30 STEREO  
STEREO MORNING  
Host: BOB MCGREGOR

A studio hour news and general  
open line to the public. Also includes  
a look at the music awards.

7:00 STEREO • SOUND RADIO  
8:00 Radio • STEREO  
THE WORLD AT SIX

Local news and world news.

8:30 Stereo  
LISTEN TO THE MUSIC  
Host: MARC JARRELL  
Lyrical, historical, classic music9:00 Stereo  
VARIETY TONIGHT  
Host: DAVID COLE

Local news, reviews, plus  
columns. From Ottawa the second  
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10:30 Stereo  
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Local news, music, reviews, plus  
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## 1:04 Stereo

OFF

THE

RECORD

TICKET

## PROGRAM

2.05 **RADIO**

3:05 AT 3:15 NT  
**SPOTLIGHT**  
Host: ROBERT BROWN  
Brought to listeners favorite  
opera, operetta, recitals and  
concerts, special recordings from  
the Royal Opera House, Royal  
Albert Hall and the Royal Opera  
House, Covent Garden, London.

2.05 **STATION**  
**COLD INTERLUDE**  
Host: MARILYN PUGH  
A half-hour of music and  
light talk.

3.05 **STATION**

**CHICAGO SYMPHONY**  
Host: ELLIOT MANNES  
A radio serial with one of the  
world's leading orchestras.

2.05 **STATION**  
**INTERNATIONAL CONCERT**

Host: STEPHEN D. BROWN  
A half-hour of international  
orchestral music recorded at  
international music fests.

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A half-hour of international  
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2.05 **STATION**  
**LOCAL REGIONAL PROGRAM**

A station produced for your area.

2.05 **STATION**

**REGIONAL MUSIC PROGRAM**

Music news and music for your  
area. Local music recorded especially  
for this program.

6.00 **STATION**

**SATURDAY NEWS**

Canadian information news.

6.05 **STATION**

**GILMOUR'S ALBUMS**

Host: GIL M. GILMOUR  
A half-hour of classical and  
jazz music, featuring a new and  
different collection of records. New  
collection of over 300 records.

6.15 **STATION**

7:15 AT 7:30 NT  
**CHANDRA WATSON**

Host: GARTH DAWLER  
A collection of several different  
artists, their best performed and  
recorded. From CBC stations across  
the country.

7.05 **STATION**

7:30 AT 7:45 NT  
**OUR BATH TIME**

Host: SHERYLLE WHEATLEY  
Voice of CBC Radio with a people with  
a half hour of music and fun. Guests  
will be from the CBC stations across  
the country. Guests will be followed by  
listens about nailcare, nailcare  
products, nailcare, nailcare  
advertisers and more.

7.05 **STATION**

7:45 AT 7:55 NT  
**OUR BATH TIME**

Host: SHERYLLE WHEATLEY  
Voice of CBC Radio with a people with  
a half hour of music and fun. Guests  
will be from the CBC stations across  
the country. Guests will be followed by  
listens about nailcare, nailcare  
products, nailcare, nailcare  
advertisers and more.

7.05 **STATION**

8:00 AT 8:15 NT  
**OUR BATH TIME**

Host: SHERYLLE WHEATLEY  
Voice of CBC Radio with a people with  
a half hour of music and fun. Guests  
will be from the CBC stations across  
the country. Guests will be followed by  
listens about nailcare, nailcare  
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7.05 **STATION**

8:15 AT 8:30 NT  
**OUR BATH TIME**

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advertisers and more.

6.05 **STATION**

**LOCAL REGIONAL PROGRAM**

A program for your area.

9.05 **RADIO**

Except AT 9 NT

## THE TRANSCONTINENTAL

Host: OTTO LOWY

A half-hour of programs through the  
quintessential history of Europe.

Topics: a dozen hours.

## PLEASE NOTE:

In the Marquette and

St. Paul studios.

Two hours for listeners in

Montreal and Quebec.

Two hours for listeners in

Winnipeg and Manitoba.

Two hours for listeners in

Calgary and Alberta.

Two hours for listeners in

Vancouver and British Columbia.

Two hours for listeners in

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Two hours for listeners in

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&lt;p



## PROGRAMS

## 2:30 P.M.

## R.S.V.P.

Host: DENNIS WOODWARD  
Listeners: 1,000,000

## 3:04 P.M.

## MONTREAL APRES-MIDI

Host: DON DRAKE  
A half-hour program for the senior  
Principal work Roger Hartstone  
in a House of Shared Information

## 4:04 P.M.

## LOCAL REGIONAL PROGRAM

Local Name: Times  
Music and features for your area

## 4:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 6:00 P.M.

## STEREO

## THE WORLD AT SIX

Canadian and world news

## 6:30 P.M.

## AS IT HAPPENS

Hosts: DAVID BURNETT,  
ALAN MAITLAND  
A photo-to-world news  
Thursday, science news  
from the Earth

## 10:35 P.M.

## MOSLEY MUSIC

Host: BARCLAY McMILLAN  
A half-hour program for the 80  
minutes from 10:35 p.m. to 11:15 p.m.  
Local news, music and  
entertainment reviews for the 80  
minutes from 10:35 p.m. to 11:15 p.m.

## 11:05 P.M.

## A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

Host: GEOFF STEYNSKOLER  
A half-hour of concert music  
5:30 p.m. to 11:05 p.m.  
Local news, music and  
entertainment reviews for the 80  
minutes from 10:35 p.m. to 11:15 p.m.

## 12:00 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: GENE LEVINE  
Local classical music reviews

## 2:30 P.M.

## R.S.V.P.

Host: DENNIS WOODWARD  
Listeners: 1,000,000

## 3:04 P.M.

## MONTREAL APRES-MIDI

Host: DON DRAKE  
A half-hour program for the senior  
Principal work Roger Hartstone  
in a House of Shared Information

## 12:00 a.m.

## STEREO

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 12:07 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: ALAN MAITLAND  
Local music with reviews

FRIDAY  
MAY 22

## 6:00 a.m.

## MOSLEY

LOCAL REGIONAL PROGRAM

Local Name: Times  
Music and features for the 80  
minutes from 6 a.m. to 7:30 a.m.  
Local news, music and  
entertainment reviews for the 80  
minutes from 6 a.m. to 7:30 a.m.

## 6:04 STEREO

## STEREO MORNING

Host: EDDIE CAMPBELL  
A half-hour hour program  
6:04 a.m. to 7:30 a.m.  
Local music with reviews

## 6:30 P.M.

## AS IT HAPPENS

Hosts: DAVID BURNETT,  
ALAN MAITLAND

## 12 NOON

## R.S.V.P.

Host: BARCLAY McMILLAN  
A half-hour of concert music  
5:30 p.m. to 12:00 noon  
Local news, music and  
entertainment reviews

## 1:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 2:04 P.M.

## CANADIAN SONGS

Host: THOMAS BURGESS  
Local music with reviews

## 2:30 P.M.

## R.S.V.P.

Host: DENNIS WOODWARD  
Listeners: 1,000,000

## 3:04 P.M.

## MONTREAL APRES-MIDI

Host: DON DRAKE  
A half-hour program for the senior  
Principal work Roger Hartstone  
in a House of Shared Information

## 3:04 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 4:04 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: ALAN MAITLAND  
Local music with reviews

## 9:00 P.M.

## R.S.V.P.

Host: BARCLAY McMILLAN  
A half-hour of concert music  
5:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.  
Local news, music and  
entertainment reviews

## 10:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 11:04 P.M.

## CANADIAN SONGS

Host: THOMAS BURGESS  
Local music with reviews

## 12:00 M.

## R.S.V.P.

Host: DENNIS WOODWARD  
Listeners: 1,000,000

## 1:04 P.M.

## MONTREAL APRES-MIDI

Host: DON DRAKE  
A half-hour program for the senior  
Principal work Roger Hartstone  
in a House of Shared Information

## 1:04 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 2:04 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: ALAN MAITLAND  
Local music with reviews

## 6:00 a.m.

## MOSLEY

LOCAL REGIONAL PROGRAM

Local Name: Times  
Music and features for the 80  
minutes from 6 a.m. to 7:30 a.m.  
Local news, music and  
entertainment reviews for the 80  
minutes from 6 a.m. to 7:30 a.m.

## 6:04 STEREO

## STEREO MORNING

Host: EDDIE CAMPBELL  
A half-hour hour program  
6:04 a.m. to 7:30 a.m.  
Local music with reviews

## 6:30 P.M.

## AS IT HAPPENS

Hosts: DAVID BURNETT,  
ALAN MAITLAND

## 6:30 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 7:30 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: ALAN MAITLAND  
Local music with reviews

## 8:30 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: DAVID BURNETT  
Local music with reviews

## 9:30 P.M.

## STEREO

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 10:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 11:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 10:00 P.M.

## R.S.V.P.

Host: BARCLAY McMILLAN  
A half-hour of concert music  
5:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.  
Local news, music and  
entertainment reviews

## 10:35 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 11:05 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 12:00 M.

## R.S.V.P.

Host: BARCLAY McMILLAN  
A half-hour of concert music  
5:30 p.m. to 12:00 noon  
Local news, music and  
entertainment reviews

## 1:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 2:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 3:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 4:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews

## 5:04 P.M.

## SOUND TRACK

Host: JEFF HIRSCHLER  
Local music with reviews



THERE COULD NOT BE A MORE APPROPRIATE TIME TO TALK ABOUT CBC RADIO than during the second annual Radio Week. Nor could there be a more appropriate place to tell listeners about some of our plans for the future than in our new *Radio Guide*.

Listeners who remember the glorious sound of our live seven broadcast from London, England, of the St. Paul's Silver Jubilee celebration will look forward to our next visit to the venerable cathedral. On July 29-30 the pomp and ceremony of the royal wedding will be broadcast live and in stereo. CBC Radio is also providing coverage of the NASA space shuttle, the Canada Summer Games from Thunder Bay, and the economic summit in Ottawa. And on May 6, a fifth part of the Massey Lectures began CBC Stereo.

In response to the success of *Africa Week* (broadcast from October 16 to last year on CBC Stereo) repeated in part on CBC Radio, another major project of because kind is being planned. *Africa Week* was twenty hours of documentaries, drama, music, news and commentary and popular entertainment designed to convey a fuller understanding of the richness and complexity of contemporary Africa. A program of this scope takes the better part of two years to organize and produce. We shall keep you in touch as we progress.

The continuing development of radio drama at our networks will bring you a third season program science fiction series to begin in July. We consider *Star Wars* to be one of the best science-fiction epics ever produced for radio, and we expect that general listeners, as well as science-fiction buffs, will agree. Also beginning in July, we shall be broadcasting a new *New Wolfe* series. And we are planning to produce a true Canadian crime series.

Open fans will be happy to learn that the coming fall will mark the beginning of a year-round season of international opera. The voices of stars like Luciano Pavarotti, Robert Merrill, Joan Sutherland and Jon Vickers will come to you not only from New York's Metropolitan Opera, but from concert halls throughout the world.

We plan to continue our emphasis on live concert performances. A new series is being planned for Sunday night on Seven that will include a selection of jazz festivals and concerts. *Variety Jamboree* continues to broadcast live popular music. The excitement and spontaneity of performances are features of music we don't want listeners to miss.

Of course, talk of an exciting future would be incomplete without mentioning the many programs that will carry on their already proven success stories. *As It Happens* and *Sunday Morning* have gone to work to prove their coverage of the industrial giants, Japan and Germany. *Artalk* will maintain its position as the premier literary program in Canada. *Stirring Morning* and *Art National* will continue their traditions of culture and entertainment, and CBC Radio News coverage will remain second to none. The highly successful children's program, *Anybody House*, which has provided a welcome bridge between our older and younger listeners, has been expanded.

These are just a few highlights from our plans—learn all about the fine things on our CBC Radio networks when you read the *Radio Guide*.

Just as we are eager to let you know what is coming up on CBC, we are eager to hear what you think of our programs. In future issues of *Radio Guide*, *Sign Off* will be reserved for listeners' letters and comments. We look forward to hearing from you. And we hope that you are looking forward to hearing from us.

Clive Mason

CLIVE MASON, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF RADIO, ENGLISH SERVICES DIVISION

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er. But by the time they returned for their second home stand, they were an out-of-control 27-3. And they were loving it. The clubhouse became a nightly scene of practical jokes—somebody had to do something—anything to give (or break) somebody else's spirit. And the coaches (or writers) had to shoulder on for Mac Naismith, Dave Revering and McCarty (who had the authority to ignore the laws of Martin's kingdom) were the prime suspects.

"I was mad as hell when they got me," says Mack (Shoey) Baker, the 31-year-old rookie second baseman who jumped from Double-A half into the A's starting lineup. "But I guess it was a way of being accepted. I started to use all sorts of page as fire." Coach Jackie Moore, an early hot-dot victim, came up with a list of suspects including Friar, Charles, Charles Massan and McCarty. At the "the narrowing it down," he remarked, "I went to the bottom of this whole mess." Martin found it all very funny. His only comment on the players' performance and there have been few references to speak of "Bilby half" was in full evidence with math plays as the bounces-bounce (it worked against Minnesota), the double steal and the outside-appeal bunt. Martin seems to have an endless variety of historic plays, including the one where a catcher on first intentionally falls down, throwing a throw from the pitcher and allowing another runner to score from third. "The beauty of it is," said Naismith, "you never know when Bilby's going to pull something like that." And some amateur last year (managing Oakland to a second-place finish after the '79 team lost 100 games), but that was nothing. We understand Bilby's system now. Where there were doubts, there is confidence. He's big and so is the season.

For the last season, the A's medical director, Newt Shirley, and legendary pitcher Jim Fregosi, with Manager and pitching coach Art Fletcher took over. Sudden, Norm was a Cy Young Award candidate (young at any rate) in Beltrami's Blue Streak with a 22-9 record and 283 earned run average. In his first year starts this year, he has a perfect 5-0. "I think Norm throws a spudball—all of the A's do," said Minnesota skipper Roy Smalley (Despite complaints from several teams, umpires have discovered no evidence of illegal pitches). "But Norm also has one of the best screwballs I've ever seen. He's the only right-hander in the league who has it, and it's just about unbreakable when he's on."

Complete games were the A's trademark last year. They set a record of 94, including 28 by Rick Langford, and that was as high as it got. Langford, McCarty and Matt Keough each completed his first four starts. Norm needed a referee once, but only because

he injured his shoulder in a bench-clearing fight. Brian Kingman came out of three games early, but his career ran average with 10-10. "I'm 30," Kingman says, "so I have to assume we won't see him again." And Cresco Martin, one of the A's few relief pitchers, "We keep ourselves amused in other ways. If somebody warms up three times in a game, that's easy as an appearance."

A popular theory, suggested by TV analyst Tom Robie and others, is that the A's complete-game tendencies will eventually wear down the pitchers' arms. "That's a bunch of bull," said Martin. "Nobody on our staff pitched 300 innings last year. Guys like Warren

Horne in full strength, so many complete games the bullpen counts its wavers."



Sasha and Robin Roberts used to do that all the time. It's the number of pitches that count, not complete games. Nobody realizes that Rick Langford throws 86, 87 pitches in a game, while most guys are around 105." Martin has one critics around him, though, the ones who say he will self-destruct before the year is out, but few question his genius. The A's, after all, are not a new team. Virtually all of them were signed by Fletcher, and played as that last-place team in 1979. That includes the outfield of Ray Henderson, who stole a league record 100 bases last year, DeWayne Murphy, who Martin feels is the game's all-around center fielder; and Armas, who blasted seven home runs in

the first 21 games this year.

The difference, Martin—and as everybody else will point out—is name. "I'm the 'owner,'" as such, but his son-in-law, the strikingly attractive Alvin-Ernestine, runs the show. "I don't know what we were expecting after Finley," said Keough. "But if Ernshardt just flew us away. We went from crusty old Charlie to this bright young guy with all sorts of good ideas."

As Horne says, "Say is the most talented man I know." A practicing lawyer, Fletcher still teaches once a week at the University of California, athletic, even rough, doesn't mind, gourmet cook, handy in everything. He could design a house for you and build it from scratch."

After Finley, with his next-to-eating budget, the A's had to be rebuilt from scratch. Ernshardt made all the necessary moves, from the front office to the scouting department (the A's had no scouts under Finley) and added a few veterans of his own. The A's didn't have a manager, but with a plush reception room for the players and Martin had a large new office complete with a walk-in closet and television set. And in an efficient, quiet manner, Ernshardt signed most of the A's key players to long-term contracts. Saldana, if ever, has baseball seen a top executive like Ernshardt. When a player comes in, says—improving an employee, friend, even a writer—Eraso, "hardly personally takes care of it on the spot." With his maficent buck-groan, such words as "confidence" and "synergy" crop up in his conversation, yet he has the keen baseball mind of a hard-core fan.

"Roy always loved baseball," says Wally Han, the A's executive president. "Now he can go to every game without people calling him a bumbler. Roy's game may never be truly great, but his baseball knowledge is encyclopedic. He's a natural, but his leadership is strong." Whatever Bilby has done in the past doesn't concern us," Ernshardt says. "Our relationship is strong here in the Bay area. He's a man who loves to teach, which puts us on the same wavelength. It won't be harmonious but you must have understanding."

Ernshardt, not only undersized, Martin, is fascinated by him. "I was watching our game on TV from Seattle the other day," Ernshardt said recently. "We were down 4-2 and just looking very good. I didn't have a very good feeling about the game. Suddenly the camera panned to Martin in the dugout. He wasn't doing anything—he was just sitting there. But suddenly I felt a whole lot better." Around the Bay area, with their team 19-31 at week's end, Oakland's A's are feeling exactly the same way. □



Lewis and his son, Esteban, at a French horn auction (left). Rogers with kids (below). "We are terrible."



Yassini, with wife and two rambunctious daughters in law, showed up at a Washington dinner party last month. Throughout the cocktail clutch, the shark held constantly with a string of tuxedo beads. No, said Yassini, they were not religious beads—just something to break the tension. "Beads make me edgy," he explained. "nothing can make me happy."

**I**t was a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous," recalls **Teodor Ascand**, Canada's ambassador to Lehman, about a whimsical party he threw to celebrate his second year in the Foreign Service. A dozen guests, including his wife, Jennifer, and son, Jean, 16,

gathered in an olive grove outside a Melkite monastery on Valentine's Day to say Mass, drink champagne and rededicate the tomb of eccentric Englishwoman **Andy Hester Stanhope** (1776-1838). "She's a character who has always fascinated me," said Ascand, 46, about the niece of former British prime minister **Walter Pitt**. "Once she was crowned queen of Arakan and also led a Lebanese mountain community." Ascand, formerly on diplomatic service to the Holy See, Berlin and Copenhagen, regrets that he did not serve food at the party, but "when you've got the wind blowing around you it's not the right place for snaps." However, he did donate a new marble plaque for the tomb which was damaged during the civil war in 1878.

**W**hat could have seemed favorite King Friday and Lady Elsie Farrelle possibly have in common with the hard-line business of corporate boardrooms? Quite a lot, according to their creator, **Fred Rogers** (of TV's "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood"), the baffled off's answer to the Post-Rogers, who sits on the board of a rail

and incorporation which was started by his father, has found the why shares of profit and loss never outweigh certain basic emotional needs. "The root of all competition is the need to be loved. We need to know we're lovable and capable of loving," says Rogers. "That, by the way, is the horizon line of all labor-management relations."

**S**gt. **Bill Preston** of the salaried and the ridiculous," recalls **Teodor Ascand**, Canada's ambassador to Lehman, about a whimsical party he threw to celebrate his second year in the Foreign Service. A dozen guests, including his wife, Jennifer, and son, Jean, 16,

However, time takes its toll on characters like Preston. The noble sergeant is nearing retirement age and King has arthritis. Roster Captain Jack, 27, of the Alaska State Troopers, a member of the 10th Cavalry, is 100 years old. "He's been in all the major gunfights," says Uncle Bill, who "hates" to make him compete. "He still believes in his dogged as being the only tried and true way of bringing in his men." On a recent research trip to Whitehorse, Sharrow was pretty disenchanted that "I wasn't in red serge and didn't patrol the Yukon by myself," laughed Whitehorse's no. 1 Sgt. **Dennis Lory**, part of a 136-member staff that operates out of a headquarters office so modern that it sports a heated floor in the basement break room.

**T**he James barnraising of **The New Christy Minstrels** in the late 1960s spawned the million-dollar career of **Kenny Rogers**, and now another barn-raiser, **Ken Barnes**, is attempting to follow



left. Opening society for white-line racing entering to the middle of the road. Barnes co-wrote Rogers' No. 1 record along *Gloria* and dueted with the oddly country singer as *Don't Fall in Love With a Dreamer*. Now, in a totally different era, she has a soaring success in the electri-beat sound of *Don't Cry* on her gold album, *Mystique Mystery*. **He for me to have** hasn't commented on the record, which describes the basic attitude of a woman's seduction of men. Though the female line in the song is described as "pure as New York snow," Barnes maintains her music is just a reflection of the trend toward music dominated by the new romantics, or "people dressing up and

not to take care of her financial needs in return for her services as a companion and business associate. Of Barnes, who has been confined in a wheelchair since a fall from a balcony at the Malibu beach house King and wife Freda Barrett own, "I've known for some time that she is unstable," said King, adding that she hopes her fans will "try to understand." Her chief concern now is for her loved ones. "This affects a lot of people," she said.

**W**hen Egyptian President **Anwar Sadat** won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1978, **Hendrik Ost**, beef farmer **Ray Adams**, began searching for a way to

express his admiration. The long sought symbol is *Man of Peace*, a one-year-old Charolais he bred by John the Bull, a Charolais bull he bought from last May's seller for \$17,500. This month, *Man of Peace* will take a \$4,790 flight to Egypt, where Adams hopes he will contribute to the improvement of existing



Career and friends dressed for dancing (left). Sadat (top) and Man of Peace: a gift that's off the chart.

cattle stock. Getting approval of the gift was no problem, but Adams took pains to make sure his gaudy posture would have a suitable symbolic impact. "I chose the Charolais because it is white, representing peace, and a bull because it is strong," says Sadat. "I explain the cattle farmer, who raises some 18,000 animals every year. Since Sadat lives at the presidential palace in Cairo and does not have a farm of his own, *Man of Peace* will take up residence at a farm in his nameake, Sadat Village. Says Adams, "When he gets off the plane there will be 40 or 50 farmers to greet him, and the first flight to Egypt, I think he will be very happy."

—EDITED BY MARINA BOULIN

# A state of weary expectation

As IRA hunger striker Bobby Sands approached death, Ulster awaited the storm



AP Wirephoto

British soldiers in Belfast: no evidence of impending doomsday

By Robert Redfield

**W**ary expectation rather than high tension was the prevailing mood in both Catholic and Protestant areas of Belfast Saturday as Bobby Sands approached death on his 68th day without food. Beyond any apparent panic purchasing of food there was no evidence to support prophecies of an impending "Armageddon." Pauls by some of the huge international press corps that had descended on the city, filling every hotel bed. There was little evidence either, though there was widespread news, for the verdict allegation by British Secretary of State Humphrey Atkins that at least one uses the provincial IRA was contemplating "evacuating residents to other parts of the city, burning the occupied houses and, by dropping the blame on others, further fueling sectarian conflict."

Taken as a reference to the Short Strand, a small Catholic enclave in otherwise solidly Protestant east Belfast, this was dismissed as "bunkum" by the residents. "We are under no obligation to evacuate and we are not stockpiling food for a long time. Being all on the dole [social security], we haven't the money," one Short Strand resident commented. "We have all stayed here before, and we will at this last act too."

said local community leader Deany Taggart. "Anyone wants to burn my house, they'll have to burn me in it."

Efforts had continued unabated throughout the week, which saw the deaths at IRA hands of two more police, to persuade Sands and his three compatriots to abandon their fasts. Two members of the European Commission on Human Rights—which had already fervently urged that the 16-block protesters have no case for special status—met Sunday after Sands refused to see them. It was then the turn

of the Vatican. Pope John Paul II sent one of his two private secretaries—Mgr Jaks Magee, an Ulsterman—with an appeal to Sands to abandon his slow suicide. The British government facilitated Magee's mission, providing him with a bulletproof car, a plainclothes police escort and arrested anyone in the rapidly weakening Sands. Magee saw him three times and, individually, the three other hunger strikers, but returned to Rome Thursday with only the prayer that the Pope's appeal would "be heeded in the generous spirit with which it was accepted."

There seemed very little hope of this belated, somewhat oblique, intervention. In Northern Ireland, had both sides succeeded, over three days reduced the four-month opportunity offered by the April 9 strike to victory (therefore, May 4) that had already led to fast to death. And that impasse was only confirmed when the British Labour Party's



Bobby's mother, Roseleen (above left). His sister Miriam (bottom right) and Father Magee: "we just kissed goodbye"

spokesman in Ulster, Dick Constance, saw Sands Friday to stress that the opposition was firmly behind Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's refusal of political status. After seeing the hunger strikers, Constance and Sands was determined to continue, was extremely very alert and had ensured his local political supporters "for a minute" Sands' election agent, unemployed teacher Owen Curran, gave a less aggressive version after what he described as a last visit Friday. "He is likely to be dead within 24 hours. We just kissed goodbye," said Curran. □

## France

### Running scared in the final stretch

Charles de Gaulle once said of him: "His problem, is the people." De Gaulle's successor, Georges Pompidou, agreed: "It isn't that he thinks he is better than Pinochet. He doesn't think France is up to his size and intelligence." These put-downs of President Valery Giscard d'Estaing by his two predecessors seem to be repeated by a third this week, as France prepares for a presidential runoff which appears to be less a matter of naming the most powerful chief of state in a Western democracy than of rapping the handles of the man who now holds that office.

After emerging from the first round last weekend a three-per-cent whisker ahead of his intransigent rival, Socialist leader François Mitterrand, Giscard was clearly running scared as he headed into the final stretch.

Crossing the country far as many as three railcars a day, complete with thunder-and-lightning film clips showing how he had outwitted Pinochet to earn amid the international headlines, Giscard added his own bitterness



start: warnings again that the chaos that would sweep over the country upon the election of a leftist president. If such a campaign is to be both divisive and divisive, that, Giscard had every reason to be as gloomy as ever over his shoulder. Not only had Giscard, Mitterrand's Communist supporters adjured their defeated 15.5 per cent of the electorate to back Mitterrand, the neo-Gaullists, who were supposed to unite with Giscard, had given him instead only their most tepid and reserved unilateral endorsement. A series of secret and not-so-secret polls predicted that Mitterrand would triumph by a one-per-cent lead at the wire with 51 per cent of the vote.

If the pollsters prove correct, how

ever, it will not be so much a case of the French opting for the Socialist vision as a reflection of three weary areas with Giscard's oscillating centre-right and his haughty aristocratic personal style. As *Le Monde* columnist Olivier Todd, once a Giscard booster, put it: "It's going to be very close and it will be decided on a completely irrational basis. The things could change from day to day, depending on how much the franc or the stock market falls."

The cross-hatching is all the more profound because Giscard swept into office after Pinochet's death in 1973 as the candidate of hope and reform, a decisively who-led characterised as the

betrayal—Giscard has added some new ones. For the first time in history, France's estimated 480,000 Jewish citizens were cast in an acute black list, with publishing Giscard not only for his blind anti-Israel stand, but for his apparent inactivity in the Jewish community's fight of local terrorism.

But the most effective stab may have come from the extreme prima minister, Jacques Chirac, whose dynamic first-round campaign re-established the tagline neo-Gaullists—passioners of nearly 18 per cent of the popular vote as a force to be reckoned with. Chirac's reluctant "present" vote for Giscard was seen by many pundits in France



where politics are seldom as they seem—to be a solid endorsement of Mitterrand, whom he has privately pegged as the weaker. In fact, Mitterrand's triumph would best suit Chirac who could then play legitimate Opposition leader while, at 48 the youngest of the three aspirants, still keeping his cherished presidential ambitions alive for 1988.

Such cynicism was reflected by the voters who found themselves once more faced with the scenario of seven years earlier—a tight Giscard-Mitterrand square to the finish. They responded with half-filched rally hats and the prospect of resigned abstention. In fact, however, the same old faces could not have more different backgrounds. Giscard, at 58, springs from the basic bourgeoisie—the product of the country's best schools and a family that made its fortune in the colonies and its connections among the civil service elite. Mitterrand, the son of a Cognac-area railway station agent, is the ultimate petit-bourgeois, the product of a farming life with his parents, two brothers and two sisters, and the entrepreneurial streaks to his doings. Left, Right, intellectual and moral, and has become, much to the chagrin of the TV cameras, the former stalwart of the Fourth Republic—he held six different cabinet posts—and who has doled down much of his program of proposed laws and bureaucratic nationalizations. Once an opponent of the no





Chico visits the Beirut rally today

clear face de Grasse. He now endures it.

All this means that there are few political reasons for the French to reject Mitterrand, and while he suffers from many of the same personality traits as his rival—both are shy, indecisive, whose reserve often seems like plain arrogance—the Mitterrand-Giscard play-offs are less a choice of man than of situation—a left-right split that is as old as the Republic and that Giscard himself once characterized as the “political schizophrenia.”

In every pre-war vote when the French seemed to be marching headlong to the left, they have pulled back at the last minute and opted for the safe centre-right route. The May 10 Guard will be hoping that just that national schizophrenia will once again be working in his favor.

—MARTIN McDONALD

## Lebanon

### Unwritten rules, but whose?

Nicolas Kifney held his hands wide, tilted his head to one side and murmured softly, “We thought it would last forever.” He was remembering the good life he—an interior decorator—and other Lebanese Christians enjoyed before the violence that left 37,000 dead in a civil war six years ago and that last week seemed to be rapidly resuming once more. As Syrian troops—in the country as peace-keeping or, as the Christians say, their occupation forces since 1976—bombed Christian towns in the northwest, Moslem and Christian exchanges ended in anger and artillery fire in Beirut. In support of the Christians, Israeli aircraft bombed Palestinian targets in the south and—in an unprecedented move dangerously close to an act of war—shot down two Syrian helicopters.

While Washington publicly called on

the Soviets to urge moderation on their Syrian allies and disavowed any encouragement of the Israeli, American efforts at securing a ceasefire, Beirut. But Kifney, like thousands of other Lebanese caught up in the conflict, could only await the outcome in his bomb-damaged basement apartment close to the Green Line—the real-fatal border that separates Christian east Beirut from the Moslem west. He has little furniture left and what there is sits covered with dust and fallen plaster. The windows have been blown out by rifle and artillery fire. Every day he waits until the lights go out, then rushes upstairs to a deserted apartment to take a bath and make a cup of coffee. This is broken, as if in a soup from a particularly nightmarish *Pell-mell* novel, white again in the empty room listening to Vivaldi.

Kifney’s Christian neighborhood, Arbatash, has been shelled almost constantly in the fighting that has claimed 400 lives since April 2 when the Syrians began shelling Zahlé, a Christian town 16 km east of Beirut. Zahlé was still under siege last week, although many of the exchanges were taking place in the Sannin mountains, the highest range in Lebanon and a savage part from which the Syrians could pour artillery fire onto the Caribbean Mediterranean port area around Jounieh. The fighting



A Lebanese Christian looks for shelter in Beirut in a series of breakaway ceasefires.

had also spread from Zahlé to south Lebanon, where the Israeli and their allies, the Christian forces of Maj. Gen. Haddad, attacked Palestinian camps and, in a particularly savage display, shelled Sidon on Easter Sunday, killing 16 people and wounding 38 others.

Sporadic attempts at ending hostilities have proved useless. Of the 36 ceasefires signed since April 2, some had lasted as long as 12 hours, others as short as 25 minutes. The latest was called Tuesday, when Syrian Foreign Minister Abel-Halim Khaddam arrived in Beirut to discuss peace with the Lebanese government and the warring Christian and Moslem factions. But even as negotiations were on, Israeli jets were swooping into the Bekaa Valley



SIX YEARS OLD AND SMOOTH AS SILK.



**President SAM NUJOMA in response**

Lebanon—which was what the Indians believed President Hafez Assad was really after—would give them the option of a second front in any new Arab-Israeli war and mean increased founders of operation for Palestinian guerrillas. By besieging the Lebanese Christians, the Indians charged, the Syrians had broken conversion rules established between Damascus and Tel Aviv.

If no three were signs, those rules were being reinforced at week's end in Washington. Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin conferred with state department officials on how to defuse the crisis. In Tel Aviv, Begin went to some lengths to calm fears of outright war, and negotiations continued to achieve a delineation of spheres of influence that would prevent Nicolas Khayat and thousands of his compatriots in the war-torn country to return to a more peaceful mode of existence.

—SEAN TOLKAN

With files from *El Alit* in Amman.

## South Africa

### A victory but no verdict

What Prime Minister PW Botha wanted from the South African electorate was a clear message. What he got, in last week's general (white) election, was more from Botha, whose National Party took 134 of the 185 seats in 1978, didn't need any more than 30% of the total still had more than a year to run. But he hoped for help in deciding which way to turn—gradually to improve the lot of South Africa's 22 million nonwhites, or to maintain Africa's final bastion of white supremacy—and the electorate let him down. It, too, he deserved, can't make up its mind.

No one seriously expected the Nazis to lose the election after 30 years in power. But the campaign produced spectacles of possible threats from the left and

right that proved anticlimactic at election night. With the Progressive Federal Party (PFP) under Oberon Gossweiler, Frederik van Zyl Slabbert, moderate by Canadian standards but well to the left in South Africa's most strident political spectrum, suffered its standing from 17 to 16 seats. And the extreme rightists, Herrenvolk National Party (HNP) (LANDS VOLK), showed the election pictures showing a white family superimposed on a map of South Africa) got five times the support it drew in 1977, though it still didn't win a seat. Botha's Nazis hung onto a

majority to advise on constitutional reforms to help minorities, but it had not succeeded in the Nekker (to the west). And then there is the "constitution of states," the latest Not In Anger for what used to be called homelands or Bantustans, the badly discredited foundations for the party's apartheid program. In recent years Pretoria has granted "independence" to three of these black territories—Venda and Bophuthatswana in the north and Transkei in the southeast—as Botha recommended himself to the concept. But while the government had hoped that by now



**Botha (right) looks for a example of white to clear the intramurals air**

comfortable 131 seats, losing only one "star" candidate, Industry and Commerce Minister Diverso Viljoen.

"We won't allow ourselves to be locked around," declared Botha, who's in a victory statement. "The opposition can't decide our fate for us, the National Party has received no mandate." But it had been disagreements between hard-liners and moderates within the party that prompted Botha, with expectation at burning point, to burn and retreat, to retreat, in January, into the conspirative security of an election campaign. Now, with nothing to draw from for criticizing South Africa already. And there was the telling disclosure of a black dry cleaning worker near Johannesburg, David Mafilo, who caught a young Conservative Association leader pulling down PFP posters and turned him in. Asked why he bothered, Mafilo replied, "I don't care who wins the election, but fair is fair."

Was the prime minister looking for a message? —ROBERT MARSHALL

With only a dozen people invited to run a desk at 10 a.m. and with an increase of 10 per cent that wouldn't be enough for a usual total of 200-220 votes cast for the NFP.

## U.S.A.

# Boll weevils of a political breed

*Southern Democrats wield renewed political clout*



By Michael Posner

The U.S. department of agriculture recently reported that boll weevils are making a comeback. It had in mind those pesky little larvae that feed on cotton bolls in the American South 36 years ago, the most fatal of the many disasters the country ruled by the boll weevil. Two generations later, the welfare of the entire American economy may ultimately be determined by another pest of boll weevil—the political species—84 southern Democrats, halving the balance of power in the House of Representatives. Depending on how they vote this week, the Washington boll weevils will decide whether the president's economic recovery program (ERP) goes to harvest or whether it will be nibbled at, parched, until the crop is destroyed.

This is not the first time southern Democrats have marshalled power. During the 1960s, these models of conservative virtue and conservative values made Dwight Eisenhower's political life easier. Then, as now, Democrats had a majority in the House (and not the Senate), but the difference was that as many as twice the boll weevils, crowding party lines to vote, were able to throw victory to the Republicans.

Ronald Reagan is hoping to achieve



the same result, and he has been using all the tricks in his vast repertoire of charm to lure Democrats to his side. The presidential ideologue has included dinner invitations, box seats at the Kennedy Center, personal phone calls and of course the show-stopping set—Reagan's address last week to a joint session of Congress. The only president ever to survive an election's boll weevil, Reagan looks thinner and weaker before the attack. But it was a brazen performance—Reaganism—and the president, by the way, was not the only one that was more than the boll weevils, crowding party lines to vote, were able to throw victory to the Republicans.

Reaching the mood of the country, Reagan's poll suggest that more than two-thirds of the nation approves the way Reagan is presiding. The White House strategy is to parlay that popularity into pressure on Capitol Hill, when all the folks in Shaquala, Miss., are voting their congressional support to support the president, it is an impudent politician who fails to listen.

The vote this week in the House will determine who is listening to whom. Obviously, it is about budgets—setting spending and deficit limits for fiscal year 1983 (which begins Oct. 1). In fact, a great deal more is at stake. The economic recovery program or less a conservative than a revised document, designed for each category of law the federal government conducts business. With a little luck, the president's budget can clear sharp enough of the wheat, the Reagan administration is attempting to save the same around economically. The president told Congress last week that the ERP "is the only answer that we have left."

Most Democrats do not accept that thesis, and they resent the White House's efforts to make their surrender so easily. "It is not the duty of the Congress not to think," snarled James

Reagan (above); Democratic cooler with House Speaker Tip O'Neill (far right). It is not the duty of the Congress not to think.

Jones, chairman of the House budget committee, Jones, an affable Oklahoman, is the architect of the only serious alternative to the Reagan budget proposal, his plan would strip about \$4.8 billion from defense allocations, restore funds for food stamps, child nutrition, Medicaid and college assistance programs and create a \$300-billion deficit in 1983. That's a smaller deficit than is projected by the Gramm-Rudman bill—the House measure that incorporates the president's proposed tax and budget cuts.

Like the economy, however, the Democrats are using...disorganized, disgruntled and functionally ineffective. In a

speech recently to students at Loyola University. Democratic Congressman Henry Reuss conceded that Jones's alternative was not unlike the party itself: "A pale and somewhat more human version of the Republican program—a little tamer at the edges, a little more moderate and a little more responsible about the deficit." In short, an improvement of hardly a nail to the barnacles. Even if the Jones measure manages to screech through the House, it would still authorize the largest peacetime increase of defense spending in American history and the virtual cancellation of Washington's ability to effect social change through budget allocations.

The White House is pushing the " bipartisan" Gramm-Rudman bill, which allows for the controversial three-year Kemp-Roth tax cut. Bipartisan as an insect description, since Paul Gramm, the Texas Democratic congressman, is considered by most observers an excellent example of the bell-shaped phenomenon in politics—conservative as a banker's conservatism and just about as exciting. In 1980, Gramm is lazier than most other Democrats (he voted 16 times in 1980's election), but then, as Republican Congressman Park Sung declared the other day: "We don't work up any longer at the shrine of a balanced budget." The new shrine, as this week's vote is expected to confirm, has moved up the street a bit—an old man in an oval office who has become, for better or worse, the seer of American hope. ♦

## The limits of permissiveness

The diners under the palms of New York's elegant Plaza Hotel may not have realized it, but out of the grandest menu in 20 years, the 19th annual *Sex and Language* dinner last week gave a long, although hushed, welcome to all reference to other phenomena, other than to note that man is a "messy creature to whom nature has given the power to change his nature."

The godfather and ringleader of the event was Arnaldo Verdiglione, who founded the congress' sponsoring organization, the International Foucault Movement, in 1972 in Milan. Verdiglione, who sports a brilliant ponytail and in his robes wears without a slightly Freudian vigor, is the author of *Psychosociality*, *This Adventure That Is Man*. He also serves as editor-in-chief of *Spanish*, which describes itself as "interpretational magazine of culture" and often articles with learned titles such as *PSYCHONALITY IS NOT PSYCHOTHERAPY*.

The magazine lists more than 400 "collaborators," including some of the



Katsuhiko (left), Werner (right) and Verdiglione ready and waiting



leading intellectual lights of Europe and North America, of its members, and it is not a group that shuns them. One is the late Federico Fellini, former congressional Bella Abzug, and poet Alice Gathorne—who were to be the honored drawing cards to the congress. Their positive presence was lavishly advertised in the cast of the full-page ads that listed the names of the 300-plus participants in *The New York Times* and *The Village Voice* must have run into tens of thousands of dollars. But by the end of the first morning's presentations it was clear that the organizers had paid more attention to their publicity than to their words.

One panel last Abzug, Robert Altman, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Bob Galeone, Guy Tasset, and John Simon among the participants. There were no women on the panel, and it was a much smaller panel that finally settled down to business. Verdiglione's assistant merely shrugged that they expected only two-thirds of the speakers to show up, and the organizers must have been pleased by the sale of about 1,500 subscriptions in the conference in the hefty \$40 apiece, even if three were rumors that the subscriptions alone weren't going to be enough to float the bill, and that Italian architectural and design firms, among others, were being drummed for a contribution. If any case, at the heart of the confusion—which was the congress' bat, with tricks going for \$3.50 a shot—the question most frequently asked was not how much it cost, or where the money came from, but simply was it worth it? Verdiglione obviously thought it was. —AVVA NEMAN

## BUSINESS

# A flame for the setting sun

*The prospect of selling natural gas to Japan has drawn a swarm of consortiums*

**F**irst coal. Now gas. Suddenly, that once-hot new energy project seems to be outstripped in the race of British Columbia. While the provincial government drowns in green-reams-free increased sales of natural gas, rival teams of experts have been surveying harbor sites near Prince Rupert and preparing applications for multi-billion-dollar deals. Liquidated natural gas (LNG) is the key element, and four private consortiums are trying to win the right to ship the stuff to energy-starved Japan.

That possibility, long discussed as too expensive to an whiz time has come, particularly with traditional markets in the United States softening as Americans find new fields. Because of the enormous costs involved in building a pipeline, gas liquefaction plant and shipping the gas—the costliest for the lone project, likely to be approved soonest—there is little shadowing that a fight to the finish. In fact, today's competitors could be tomorrow's partners sharing both expenditures and profits.

So it came as no surprise when William Hopper, chairman of Petro-Canada, and in Vancouver last week that the various projects might merge. Petro-Canada, in a consortium together with Westcoast Telecommunications, the previous's major gas pipeline company, and Mitsui & Co., a Japanese trading company, is already one of the main contenders for an LNG plant. They have formed the Rim Gas Project, a \$1.4-billion plan to

liquefy and ship 200 million cubic feet of gas to Japanese utility companies, beginning in 1987.

But appears Rim could merge its proposal with that of Dome Petroleum Ltd. of Calgary. The Dome project, larger than Rim's, calls for a \$3.5-billion investment that would see 600 million cubic feet of gas going daily to Japan by 1988. To sweeten its offer, Dome plans to construct the half of four 650 tankers in Canada, despite criticisms that such a shipyard on the West Coast would be a money-loser because of the high cost of labor and the need to import steel. Hopper and Dome's President Bill Richards haven't officially sat down in talk about merging their proposals but there have been informal discussions.

All that would seem to leave the two other bidders, Noron Energy Resources Ltd. of Toronto and Carter Oil & Gas Ltd. of Vancouver, out in the cold. Noron has announced its general interest in building an LNG plant in BC but hasn't said where it would be. The six known quantity in this race is Carter Oil, permeated by its president, Bob Carter, a veteran of the high-rolling oil and gas business for less than four years. Carter emerged from a past as a bus driver and undercover drug squad member in 1978 to put together a deal buying the Alberta assets of an American firm for \$322 million. He has invested more than \$1 million in a plan to export 300 million cubic feet of gas a day to Japan and expects to have his



A gas tanker on the water (left) and (below, left to right) Carter, Hopper, and Richards, more like shadowboxing than a fight to the finish over LNG



prospects in by the end of May for a \$2-billion package. His pipeline idea — that Enron's marketing from Prince George to Prince Rupert — would be filled with gas from independent B.C. producers, unlike the other bidders, says Carter. "What's the benefit for B.C. if the gas is from the Arctic or Alberta?" It's a charge denied by both Westcoast and Enron, who say they would give priority to B.C. gas.

Stringing aside, the successful applicant will have to convince the National Energy Board (NEB) that the gas bound for Japan is surplus to Canadian domestic requirements and hope for a long enough time to pay off the huge costs of the project. Meanwhile, Art Wilkes, vice-president of sales for Westcoast, is getting ready for a fight with environmentalists who want floating bombs off the West Coast. That could be tougher than writing the gas approval. — MALCOLM GRAY



Werner Doby (left); lesser John Buckley pinning Canso's hopes on the outback



Greater Bourne Petroleum Co. of Los Angeles

The offer, almost certain to name Great Bourne's shareholders' approval, gives United Canso two reasons to celebrate after years of pariah Buckley management: Great Bear's wells, presently in Alberta, will generate the cash flow United Canso needs to tap its extensive holdings in Australia and the U.S. The massive, a \$20-million convertible debenture issue with which United Canso will partially finance the purchase, is expected to boost the company's percentage of the company's shares from the current 12.5 per cent, less than 40 per cent. This will certainly put United Canso in a position to increase permanent income-flow payments under the federal National Energy Program guidelines.

If the kind of aggressive purchase that oil tycoon John Doby and oil tycoon Tom Jackson, now Canada's two senior executives, spurned at Doby's famous camp 100 km north of Rainy Lake, B.C., in May, 1978, and man-

aged to an unprecedented 180 per cent this week it could go still higher.

However, it seems, a price Tormented by the ever-present vapours of inflation — expected to draw more than 12 per cent of the purchasing power of the dollar in Canada this year — neutral bank officials in Canada and the U.S. are falling back on the time-honoured remedy of monetarism to ward off much growth too soon, and with it inflation-fidden economy.

That, at least, is the primary factor apparently motivating the recent round of bank rate hikes in the U.S. In Canada, though inflation pressures are as low now as the more immediate pressures in the springtime of the Canadian dollar on international currency markets. As U.S. rates rise, Canadian rates must

tease up lockstep alongside to maintain investor interest in the dollar world would almost surely slide — to 80 cents or lower.

For several golden months late last year, when U.S. rates reached their punishing high of 22.5 per cent, the Bank of Canada was able to ignore the lockstep theory because of surging winter interest in Canadian energy stocks. But no more.

"The trouble with central banks," as Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bouey recently observed, "is that they try to ride three boats at once: the money market, the exchange rate, and the interest rate home." Some may be wondering whether the fourth horseman of the apocalyptic is more than a whisky song.

— ANTHONY WHITING

## Adding heat to the topic of Canso

From a fishing trip two years ago that plagued the company long into one of the most price battles ever waged in Canada, United Canso Oil & Gas Ltd. appears likely to emerge as one of the Canadian firms angling coast in search of profits in the competitive world energy markets. Last week, the market-oriented Calgary-based company (1980 sales \$1.2 billion) paid the Fisherman's cut, 11 bid price and shareholdings after acquiring the famous U.S. Buckley family's firm from energy control — by offering \$165 million for three Canadian subsidiaries of

An addition to New York-based Asbach-Ultra, Ontario president John W. Buckley, 47, who also is a former political commentator, William F. Buckley, and former senator James, now a Rogers media

## Interest rates

It all adds up to something confusing news on the economic front. First, Jones April's May bloom from The Conference Board of Canada ("The") latest quarterly provincial forecast predicts improved economic growth for virtually all parts of the country in 1981. In the meantime, U.S. first-quarter growth, also announced late last month, exceeded all expectations by indicating that the dismal forecast of 1980 was well under way.

Thus came the interest rate blow. Two weeks ago the Canadian bank rate nudged up to a new record high, and last week it peaked higher still, influencing the chartered bank prime

## TELEVISION

# Panning for fool's gold



John Buckley



LE CAP ESTEL  
EZE bord de mer

Le Cap Estel  
A sort of the  
Gulf of Axar. On it the chosen  
lovingly by the Bourne Coast Kreigsmar-

### TALES OF THE KLONDIKE

CBC, May 2 to June 7

Jack London asked for the Klondike from the docks of San Francisco, a 22-year-old poor boy looking for the one break that wasn't his neck. He climbed the Chilkoot Pass with the thousands, packing as much of his own gear as he could because the Indian guides were charging 50 cents a pound to carry it. Once over the pass, he built a boat and sailed it down to Dawson City. London staked a claim or two but the gritty stuff stoked him. He raised instead the bars of Dawson City, milking tales of greed and winter madness, alcohol and revenge. "I never realized a cent from any property," up there, "I never wrote a word. I have had no money to eat or to eat living ever since on the strength of the trip."

London's mythmaking about the North was true gold. The early collections of Yukon tales and his most famous novel, *The God of the Gold*, brought him and the heart of man into legend's collage, with nature the cause of the accident. But only one of the first three episodes of *Tales of the Klondike* axis-part series from Norfolk Communications, pass set at 100-per-cent London. The others only manage to raise the giddy shak of *Dangerous Dan McGraw*.

First, the fool's gold. The One Thousand Dollars, the premiere episode, is the tale of David Bassettman, a dishevelled Seattle clerk whose gold fever strikes in an unusual form — up Little White orbs will make him rich forever, he figures, if he can get them to Dawson. The

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some of the  
best places.



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Mellow  
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The new Cressida offers a life of luxury, convenience and handling that sets it apart from any other luxury car, import or domestic. It includes standard features you won't find on other luxury cars costing thousands of dollars more.

Cressida offers standard reclining bucket seats with lumbar support—not available even as an option on a Cadillac. Standard power steering and 6-position tilt steering wheel—options not available on the BMW 320. And for economical performance, Cressida has a

remarkable 4-speed overdrive automatic transmission—unavailable at any price in any other imported luxury sedan, except Mercedes.

**More Standard Features:** 2.8 liter electronically fuel-injected engine • power windows • power door locks • rich vinyl upholstery • AM/FM/MPX Stereo, 4-speaker radio with electronic search • power antenna • cruise control • climate control • digital quartz clock with date • adjustable headrests, fore and aft, and more.

The new Cressida Executive. Now even those at the top can own a Toyota.

See your Toyota dealer about buying or leasing one today.

Graphics regular, cream and aluminum wheels shown are optional.

# LIFE AT THE TOP.



# TOYOTA





its symbols, and even claimed the disabled children's "typical arms" was being harmed. By 1976, he felt so ignored that he composed a protest pamphlet and threatened to distribute thousands of copies to the streets of Toronto. Though he was immediately arrested by a simple and an official protest at a CEC convention, he organized his association with the CEC in 1977. Since then, Blin's charges the institution's "trivial" has amounted to infringement of copyright. His lawyer Joseph Léonard argues this: "An entire language or idea cannot be copyrighted," he says.

Further, Blin specifically objects to the CEC's practice of adding new symbols and amending old ones to meet the specific needs of handicapped users. For example, the expression for basketball has, in strict Blin, four composed symbols, but Blin has purged it down to three. The institute argues that pragmatism demands abbreviations those a limit to the number of symbols that can be crammed onto the display boards. What's more, simplified versions reduce the stigma for people with severe learning disabilities, claims a Sean Gray Steer, symbol officer who helps coordinate the development of new symbol vocabulary. "We have to act in the interest of the users."

Paradoxically, with an estimated 30,000 users worldwide, the CEC has done more than its share to enhance the international acceptance of the symbols. As international acrobats continually review new symbol combinations to ensure that the nuances of individual languages are reflected in the diagrams. In addition, the CEC has worked to extend the system to the mentally retarded and children with reading difficulties. McNaughton, who rescued Blin's work from oblivion and now bears the brunt of his resistance, is more than a bit crestfallen. The majority of his board say, "There are no other communication systems that we are aware of," she adds, "that could replace Blin's symbols."

If Blin wins his case, which is expected to go to court next year, the handicapped would lose the right to use Blin's symbols in their modified form. "It would cancel all federations within these months," he says. But, if so, it forces any changes will render the system more difficult for use as an educational device. For the children in the seven affiliates across Canada who communicate with Blin's symbols, Blin's triumph will probably be no more than an inconvenience. But for Blin, this struggle is one of his remaining life missions. Says he, "All I know is that my symbols he used the way God has given them to me."

With assistance from Philip Gossard in Spring

## ADVERTISING

# Clerical persuasions

*Ads using clergy to pitch products get mixed reviews*

**L**anguishing, mousy dresses are the norm among men in the flocks of three nuns who cheerfully attest to the superior quality of Cadet Cleaners. One, in a heavy Scott accent, cracks, "They get my clothes immaculate." You could say, "purr another, "in Cadet we trust." Giggling, the two deposit their handbags and scurries off, while the voice-over intones, "Cadet—quality cleaning second to none."

The ad has been touting the merits of the Toronto dry cleaning chain for two months, but it's only the latest in a series of clerical parades to various

hospitals and care facilities on waste disposal. And she maintains that her congregation is shared by almost everyone she knows. Sister Jean Smith, executive secretary of the Canadian Religious Conference in Ottawa, has even filed a protest with Cadet alighting to the "counter-gospel" embedded in the line "In Cadet we trust." While her objections have not succeeded, other complaints from the public that the ad is propagandistic and in bad taste have already reached the zenith.

In terms of raw product popularity, however, clerical endorsements appear to



Cadet ad (left); Smith in nun's garb presenting the ad's "three surprising tools" and counter-gospel values



goods and services. A crusty kitchen and its castle disappear during a new version of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. A rotund monk introduces Xerox technology to the abbey scriptorium. And an entire convent of sisters is saved by Kleenex tissues. Advertisers are unwilling to call it a trend, but Mark Levitt, creative supervisor of Toronto's Grey Advertising, who helped conceive the Cadet ad, admits that clerics have recently gained a significant symbolic appeal as conservative and skeptical consumers.

In the case of Cadet, says Léonard, symbolizes "the ultimate clean people." "But it's time to say enough is enough," declares Sister Mary Jo Léonard, editor of the *Catholic New Times*, a national weekly. She finds the Cadet ad particularly abhorrent because it presents nuns as "sweet, sugary, cute and utterly irrelevant" at a time when sisters serve as prison chaplains, run

—KIM MCKEEON

## HEALTH

# More birth control blues

*A study on spermicidal contraceptives hazards is under fire*

**I**n the past few years, as increasing numbers of women, swelling by sizable talents to the side effects of birth control methods such as the Pill and the IUD, have been returning to the old-fashioned spermicidal contraceptive—vaginal foams, creams, suppositories and jellies—gladly trading off decreased reliability for increased physical safety. Now a Boston study undermines this rationale, concluding that women who become pregnant while using spermicides have double the normal rate of miscarriages and twice as many children with congenital birth defects. However, both backpedaling by the study's authors and entreaties from other contraceptive experts suggest there's less cause for alarm than recent press reports have indicated. Says the report's author, Dr. Hensel Jilk, associate professor of medicine at Boston University: "There are enough unknowns to raise doubts about a causal connection between these agents and the disorders noted."

Working under the auspices of the Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program, Jilk and his associates checked the medical records of 1,172 women at a Boston health co-operative. All had given birth. Of the 763 infants whose mothers had filled a prescription for spermicides within 30 months before conception, 22 per cent were born with serious congenital defects, compared to one per cent of the children whose mothers did not use spermicides. The study also found the incidence of spontaneous miscarriages that required hospitalization was 2.5 per cent among spermicide users and only two per cent among nonusers. The researchers thus found that four types of birth defects occurred in infants born to spermicide users—deformed and missing limbs, Down's syndrome, webbing of fingers and malformed testicles. The two sperm-killing compounds involved, aztreonam and nesoytrol-4, are used in orally as spermicidal contraceptives. Sensitive to the anxiety that the find-



Spermicide of decreased reliability

ings could create, Dr. Carl Boyd, executive secretary of the committee on reproductive physiology at the federal health protection branch, admits researchers are aware these compounds can produce infertility or genetic alterations. "However, there's been practically nothing written on it so far," says



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IN A MILLION.**

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IN THE  
FIGHT FOR  
LIFE.**

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Boyd, whose committee is preparing a report on spermidine use due to their growing popularity. "We will certainly take this study into consideration before anything is published," he adds. But he does question the significance of the study's findings about birth defects. The average rate of birth defects in the general population are between two and three per cent—a higher rate than is found with spermidine users.

Not surprisingly, Dr. Malvina Towns, the medical director of Ortho Pharmaceuticals (Canada) Ltd., a manufacturer of the implicated compounds, is critical of the study's conclusions. "These products are quite safe," he claims. "They have been tested extensively for these side effects and have been in the market in North America for more than 30 years." Towns' changes that Jek based his statement by failing to include women who had a voluntary abortion or a miscarriage that did not require hospitalization. A more serious omission, says Towns, is the study's failure to consider other causes of congenital defects—such as smoking, other drug consumption and environmental factors.

Jek, however, refers to Towns in his research. While the study did ascertain that the users didn't present for spermidine, it did not confirm that they in fact used the products. Nor can Jek guarantee that women classified as nonusers didn't buy over-the-counter spermidine. "And we don't know when they used them in relation to the time of their pregnancy," says Jek. "The pre-term time of exposure is a key question."

The answer is essential for establishing what, if any, the risk period of exposure might be, as well as explaining how spermidine might cause birth defects. One possibility is that sperm that has been damaged but not killed could still lead to conception and cause subsequent abnormalities in the fetus. Or, if a sperm is strongly malformed, the user spermidine afterwards, the user spermidine could damage the fertilized egg. Finally, there has been some evidence that sperm often are absorbed through the vaginal wall into the bloodstream, possibly causing damage to the ovaries before conception. Even if Jek's observations turn out to be valid, he claims a spermidine user runs a negligible risk of producing a deformed baby: of the one to two per cent of women who get pregnant, only two per cent of these babies would have a defect.

Risk can be reduced even further, says Boyd, by using a diaphragm or condom together with the spermidine for "double protection." Until further research clarifies the potential risks, Towns advises that women who do get pregnant, while on spermidine should do so more than inform their family physicians.

—PETER DE VRIES

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INTELPOL—BUSINESS WORLDS. SECONDS APART.

# Profiting from equal partnership

*Demand for skilled professionals and career-minded women is promoting corporate couples*

By Mary Sheppard

**C**ompatibility means business for co-owners graduates Greg and Val Smith. Husband and wife acquaintances in the Toronto head office of Clarkson Gordon, the pair often work at adjacent desks. "We knew we had a lot to offer as a team," recalls Greg Smith of their dual entry into the job market in 1979. "The question was, would employers believe us?" Peter Adams, who hired the Smiths (and 12 other couples), the answer was simple. "Both were excellent job candidates and we couldn't afford to pass up either one."

A few years ago, company structures often barred couples from working together. Now Bob Bedford, executive director of the Personnel Association of Toronto, reports a "general loosening up of the traditional rules." The government took the lead, before 1971, there were virtually no married couples in the department of external affairs foreign service division, which today posts 47 couples abroad, and few married women in the Canadian Armed Forces, which now has more than 2,500 enlisted couples stationed around the world. But the insurance, banking, mining and oil businesses are following suit. Gulf Canada, for one, will review its ban on relatives within a year. "Our policy is causing us problems with attracting good people," admits John Lewis, director of human resources in Calgary.

Dicks and Diane Dicks study plans for their office; some are disenchanted



leisure after an office marriage. "We don't want anyone to think that anyone else is getting ahead except with honest good work," explains David Taylor, the partner in charge of personnel in Toronto. Employers also dread sexual competition ("Some couples can't handle it," says Derek Nelson, director of human resources at the CBC) and the prospect of one partner steering the other on the way up if only one of the two can advance. Such worries naged management at Dension Mines of Elliot Lake, Ont., when the difficulties of attracting professionals to a one-industry town persuaded them to start hiring couples. Five years and 40 couples later, director of industrial relations David Stott says as problems have materialized, typically, the couples don't work in the same office or report to each other.

Behind the trend is a complex of threats to the flow of business. The demand for skilled professionals, notably accountants and engineers, has outstripped the supply. The impact on the job market of ambitious, professionally trained women adds a further complication. As employers move to take advantage of a new pool of labor (the number of female accountants, for instance, has doubled since 1970), many are also finding that valued employees won't accept a transfer without first weighing a spouse's job prospects in a new location. For the fewest services, among others, that problem is eased if both spouses are single.

Yet some companies are still not convinced that "good people" can be recruited to stick it out. Roest & Wiesen, an international firm of chartered accountants, continues to ask one spouse to

dislike the other. Employers who won't update their policies can still oblige the issue. Though it is technically illegal in all provinces to discriminate on the basis of marital status, human rights commissions tolerate anti-spousal clauses as long as they are enforced without regard to sex. In 1977, an Alberta woman was a complainant because her company's policy specified that after an in-house marriage, the woman employee must leave. According to Edwin Webbing, president of the Canadian Human Rights and Civil Liberties Association, practices in the West still tend to be harsh because of the "prevailing male chauvinism" and anti-women attitude.

As for the couples themselves, some feel pressured to smile on in their own Maureen Tracy Dicks and Paul Dicks left a large law practice and

*The Smiths of work: We know we had a lot to offer as a team*



formed a partnership in Carter Break, SME, because, as Diane Dicks puts it, "there were fewer opportunities in the firm for women than for men." Most find living and working together a mixed experience. For John and Kathy Garner of Clarkson Gordon, knowing each other's deadlines causes day-to-day pressures. "We recently canceled a trip to New York so Kathy could work," reports John Garner. Tracy expects to be busy next month when her partner takes two weeks off to have their first baby, while new general investigators Ron Capas and Mary Lou Goss Capas must sometimes cope with opposite shifts that leave them little time to spend together with their toddler, Lindsay. But, adds Goss-Garnes, "Despite the difficulties, we wouldn't want it any other way."

## Ornaments on a front lawn

This year's model of the most megalithic movie bomb ever



HEAVEN'S GATE  
Directed by Michael Cimino

**H**eaven's Gate, generally regarded as the most megalithic movie bomb of all time, has been brought closer to home after months of re-telling—now it's kind of Heaven's First Love. But it's still atrocious, and narrative coherence is too high a price to pay to have to sit through the living dead again. Beware. Use the money to buy a new pair of socks.

You may remember the scenario that had the parents of the press with gale-force last Saturday. Director Michael Cimino, fresh from the triumph of *The Deer Hunter* with an Oscar and critics' blushing to do whatever he wanted, re-arrested an old script of the 1960s *Johanna County War* in Wyoming. He wanted to follow his Vietnam epic with a western epic, and since he was hot and bankable, he got the go-ahead. The budget, after months of meticulous shooting, swelled to about \$40 million. Cimino rushed to New York the day before the picture was scheduled to open. All the critics had learned. United Artists, the company financing the tub, had bold tycoons and bashed Heaven's Gate out of distribution. Cimino was given a reprieve to make some

Walken (above); Huppert, Kristoffersson: actors don't need their cars in a vacuum



out of the mess and altered his original four-hour version down to a mere 2½. It should be crystal clear to everyone after the second coming of Heaven's Gate that you can't, in 1½ hours, rewrite a movie. You have to work with what you have got (unless you do more shooting and spend more millions), and the original material is ruined, you can't cover it up. Cimino's story of the established extremes of Wyoming, extremes

of poor Middle European immigrants had potential power, but it needed the craftsmanship and insight of an intelligent screenwriter to create characters with an inner dimension to match the extremes of the social historical content of the story. Heaven's Gate's love triangle between a sheriff (Walken) and the right of the immigrants (Kris Kristoffersson), a whose (Isabelle Huppert) and a mormon who essentially turns apathetic (Christopher Walken) are stationary as a standing bale of hay. These characters, supposedly full of feeling and fire, never find a way to express it (words would have helped) and the actors aren't strong enough to hold their own in a vacuum.

Editing a movie also presents some technical problems. One of the original complaints about *Heaven's Gate* was the maddened sound track. With the sound distorted, the guitars in the theme music sound like tacks and the violins like nailed barnacles. When someone gets sacked in the locker, you would think Heaven's Gate was burping. A fine line of dialogue, with its reference point from another century, will often make an actor or screenwriter who hasn't seen the original sit.

The title, *Heaven's Gate*, refers to a kind of parish hall where the immigrants meet. That's about the level this film attains. Never did the old adage apply so well: let sleeping dogs lie.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE

## Giggle-proof gags and goofs

IMPROPER CHANNELS  
Directed by Ken Tidwell

**I**mproper Channels is a comedy produced by the same company that made *From the Earth to the Moon*, the new 16-part science-fiction series and still get all the gigs. It is a film where the fat lady cracks her deck with chortles, the self-righteous prig snobs laud her, and the drunk spits up on her. Jerry Lewis could produce the same with one hand tied behind his back.

A dopy Canadian cousin of 9 to 5, this is the story of the little big agency the system and the system has never seen: older Jeffrey Martley (Alaa Aziz), separated from his wife Diana (Marlene Margolyes), rushes his perturbed daughter Nancy to the hospital with a remorse on her hand, only to be annoyed of child abuse and has her to the state. The money—use over-educated computer at the disposal of social worker Gloria Walkham (Maggie Parker), a bumbling blushing heart-broken by Crissy Cranch—is of course entwined. But Martley's scheme, crass

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ing the computer's memory bank, requires maximal ingenuity, and his suggestion is so bold that it is impossible of something so easy that defenseless wife Li's. Touché and her going maneuvered as they traced and tortured their host. When Nancy snaks out of the orphange in a laundry bin and Hartley won her back with a glass of wine and a not-so-roaring tale of violent exposure, the supposed treason of the separation is reduced to the banal.

Had it not been for Arkin and Hartley, director Tiff could have had a big bow around this gooky bundle and



Arkin, Hartley, downshifting to deadpan

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rounded it off to the dollar at Walt Disney for the occasional edition. But while the rest of Tiff's cast shucks to slapsack, Arkin is a vision of control and sanity—a task he hasn't tried since *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*. He keeps parping Tiff's brakes, downshifting to deadpan, and Hartley keeps pace with the snap-to-tightness of her Polareid commercial performances. But Tiff is bug-looking elsewhere: he lets his posture overdevelop and thus two fade right out of the frame.

—ANN JENNISON

## Stranglehold without a grip

### THE HAND

Directed by Oliver Stone

**T**he Hand is a lot of stiffness dressed in a rough style. The person—a severed limb with an unbroken bone and determined look of the hand he bears—before, notably, in *Heads of Obsession* and *The Beast With Five Fingers*, is not odd, but with some tangible effort. The time around the handy hand belongs to a carouser (Michael Caine) who, upon losing his livelihood taken away, experiences a deep trauma. The director and screenwriter, Oliver Stone (best known for his *Midnight Express* screenplay), does his best work before the hand gets loose. Caine, chopping wood, with his daughter as they watch the nervous of a severed hand (it) in the grass do a death-defying dance, and the car accident itself. Stone has a great use talent for creating suspense through atmosphere—putting you on edge by the power of suggestion. That when the hand's separation is established (it strangles), The Hand takes on the kind of foolishness better left to novices about narrating, tarantula-like toes.

Stone, however, from the very beginning is as preoccupied with the dissolution of a failing marriage as he is with examining the subtleties of terror-making melodrama. The carouser and

his wife (Andrea Marcovicci) are, ostensibly, poorly matched: he's abrasive and snarled up in his conning ways while she's relegated to being a good listener with no real interests of her own. The hand, however, is a good listener, in a relationship with a slurring frequency and tone and creates a further tension following the accident. The "phantom feelings" come on following the loss of the hand because clearly connected to his repressed rage about himself and his wife.

The movie is pulled together in part by Caine's performances: everything about the surcunt is more than slightly off-centre, and his enthusiasm seems to be dictated by forces beyond his deeply inside him for us to see. But there's another—and rare—form of control operating in *The Hand*: as sound track. Music is what we respond to.



Caine: feelings of loss, repressed rage

in this movie, sound has an equally indigenous quality in the out-of-grade of California on 8 stories in New York. When women are dispatched, the audience is much more sensitive to what they hear than what they see.

After a while, however, the log lines of the hand's actions, such as how it gets from New York to California or into a chest of drawers, work against the enjoyment. Because of this, the ending pale doesn't work. It's logically asked: Part of the pleasure of watching an entertainment like *The Hand* is being shown in slow-motion construction, how all the tiny gears are connected. The pleasures in *The Hand*, however, may and frightening, are diluted by the absence of a firmer grip on the material.

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*Portrait of a Lady in a Green Hat* by Käthe Kollwitz, bold strokes of bright color

shaded in the CAS exhibition), the art group still encouraged the 38 English-speaking artists in the pursuit of a nationalist landscape art, a goal that was hopelessly out of step with international painting. As the Canadian Group of Painters confirmed in the catalogue for its first U.S. exhibition in 1933 ("Modernism in Canada is almost no relation to us in Europe"), although the artists found the landscape a media expertise, A.Y. Jackson—*that lone rock in the movement*, rather than the avant-garde—opposed a local "Altered Internationalism" which ignored the motion of Canada's North and fought the influence of any temporary French painting.

To that xenophobic snobbism, Lyman responded in 1933 from Paris where he had learned the lessons of modernism which Jackson pursued: postimpressionism, fauvism and the classical modern styles of Picasso, Braque and Matisse (whose works he attended) Montreal, preferring a figurative tradition, had never been won over by the Group of Seven's landscape style. For Lyman, who worked from the figurative tradition and officially opposed the Canadian Group of Painters with the formation of the CAS, "talk of the Canadian scene has been a real Canadian concern in the consciousness of Canadian painters, whatever the object of their thought." That object was the ethics of art for art's sake—the pure relation of form to form and color to color—extending the artist's consciousness in a recognizable portrait or abstracted still life. In contrast to the basically art nouveau styled patterns of the Group of Seven, Lyman built his portraits from simple symmetrical planes and blocks of raw color like the urban landscapes—*Bank Concert* and *Yacht Club, North Hatley*—reflect the lesson taught of Claude Monet's *Leisure Shield* and closer to James MacIntyre's subdued elegance than Georges Gagno's hubristic *Quatre*.

Lyman's influence can be traced through a whole series of portraits in the exhibition, those of James Smith by Jean-Bertrand and Philip Morris, those of Georges de Tombeau's *Break Fast* and *Leisure* in the fresh renditions of Matisse's fauvism in *Goodridge*, Robert's *Portrait of a Lady in a Green Hat* less restrained than Lyman, Roberts boldly laid on strokes of bright color, bristling with shocking, symmetrical flushed cheeks and blemishes red lips. Strikingly, he translated Lyman's principles into landscape, releasing them in a different manner than the Group of Seven

from the fussy Dutch cow-peas popular with MacDonalds. Both Roberts and Louis MacNab, in his abandoned and decaying interests, infuse the atmospheric mass with pertinently subtlety.

Fundamentally, Lyman saw modernism as a renewal of the classical tradition broken by the anecdotal sentimentality of the 19th century, lagging in the Victorians of academic painting. But Lyman could not abide the devaluing intrigues of abstract art and politics. The belief that art could lead to revolutionary and iconoclastic cultural change eventually split the CAS, leading

the rise of the French faction of the CAS headed by Alfred Pellan and Paul-Émile Borduas. Created as a prodigal art star in 1930, Pellan ranked Lyman and the other English artists into the shadows with his junior version of modernism, picked up during 10 years in Paris, an eclectic synthesis of Picasso's decorative cubism and abstract cubism which was more conflated than complementary. His paintings, such as the confident *Portrait of Jeanne Combier*, are used only by their technical virtuosity.

Borduas, the greatest painter to come out of the CAS, had seen the influence of Pellan at this time. Compared with the restraint and good taste of Lyman's portraits, Borduas' dark and brooding Lyman uses brutally con-

*Men's Yacht Club, North Hatley*: closer to France than *Leisure Shield*

trasted with a painting knife, the rough three-dimensional planes that facet the face of *Jo Félix* in woodfire and match the diamond background like Lyman's techniques to a violent extreme. These planes now weight fear on an infinite background to create surreal interior landscapes. With his students and followers—Fernand Léger, Jean-Paul Riopelle—who were freer in their abstraction than their teacher,

Borduas called for complete liberty from social and artistic constraints in his brave and shocking manifesto of 1940, *Refus global*. Its soaring anticlerical attack on a repressive privately owned win to entice him from Quebec. The CAS was fractured with resignations in the opposition between Borduas' radicalization and Pellan's continuation of Lyman's painterly beliefs. In death sounded with the violent black page of obfuscation in Montreal, leaving Lyman's contribution to modernism in its wake. □

## ART

# Giving a decade its due

*Contemporary Art Society and the banner of modernism*

By Philip Monk

**I**t is a paradox that for each successful advance in art another is blotted, and more than once the Group of Seven has acted as an impediment to the progress of Canadian painting. Nowhere has the weight of the group's national prestige been heavier than in upholding A.Y. Jackson's conservative critical and general propagandist leadership, art, the banner of the Canadian Society for the Contemporary Arts Society (1930, from its foundation in Montreal in 1916 to its bitter breakup in 1948). That association, which ushered in a Montreal school of abstract painting and a shift of cultural energy from English to French Canada, is the subject of an exhibition organized by the Edmonton

Art Gallery travelling across the country until September. On a small scale, it restores to the '40s what the National Gallery's 1975 *Canadian Painting in the Twentieth-Century* did for the previous decade.

By the beginning of the '30s, the Group of Seven was Canada's national school, domesticating Canadian architecture, music and the other arts of theoplots of the 1920s by a portion of National Gallery of Canada at home. More than a decade of success, the namely Toronto-based group was as a crisis of renewal. Neither wishing to relinquish its subject matter nor its motifs, it damaged the large creation of the Canadian Group of Painters in 1933. While allowing a few figure painters into the select circle, such as Eliot Fylkes and Providence Howard (whose portraits are in

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# BF Goodrich

gets, thrown into sharp relief the fatal absurdities of contemporary life in which "Some men were born for浩劫, others had it dumped upon them."

The stories in W.P. Kinsella's *Born Free and Equal* are cleverly written in a frontier-style, starkly naturalistic, but not parodic, in their tone. They are Kinsella's frank collection of fancies and tales about white-Indian interactions, most of them narrated by Spike Ermanian, a young Canadian from a central Alberta reserve. It's a meadow and Indians in reverse. With the stolid, laconic white outflow, exploded and scattered by crusty salt of the earth natives. Unquestionably, white racism deserves all this and more, but the crude articulation of stereotyped emotion glossed

from the reserve strangles for self-dissolution by breaking away from her paternalistic heritage and adapting a liberated white woman's ways only to marry a chauvinist Indian who misreads and abandons her. The story is moving and the characters sympathetic. The Indians, in fact, at work here have been honorably represented rather than imagined from outside.

The format of *Born Free* is questionable too. Most of the stories have been published on their own in various literary magazines, thus genealogies, marriages, professions and so on have had to be re-established each time. No allowance has been made in this collection, however, for the fact that the cast of characters varies little from story to story, making much of this explanatory information redundant and irritating. All these add up to an extended criticism—why not fess up and present them as such?

Kinsella's first novel will be published next year, and the broader canvas may well take him into a more detailed and profound exploration of the subject. Considerately, the publisher (Houghton Mifflin), which has been stung since Kinsella's \$10,000 first novel award, is Polk's American publisher. Polk, editorial director of Toronto's prestigious literary publisher House of Anansi, says he published in the United States because "Pardon 'Spike's being here—it's an American book in its bones and its ways." The essence of modesty but unquestionably deprived Canadian publishing of a work that hurdles over national boundaries and could heat up literary output after criticism as too regional to be internationally viable. Canada's publishing industry—and its native peoples—can do without more glorifying, whether externally endorsed or self-explored.

—MARK CLAWSON



Kinsella (above), Polk: predictions of the white man's ambivalent feelings



over with snowdrifts receding ("When we're down as low as we are on the storm pole then the only thing there is to do is lug it") adds up to submarine politics and pathos-lug set.

Kinsella's difficulties with perspective are unfortunately abetted by his greatest strengths. To a remarkable degree, he invests his characters with credible speech patterns, behavior and ideas. But because the narrator Spike has no distance on his own stories, the result is a jangled show, realistic and detailed yet devoid of insight. Ironically, Kinsella is most effective when Spike is least present and the racial conflict reared. In *Protect and Survive*, a girl

and masculinity." Both operate race horses and swing axes expertly, and both operate in horse arcs. Gore is better in bed, but Durrow is better at hunting. There is a blood bath which is the heritage of their ancestors—hunting traps and opium smugglers who brought the *Crusoe* colony of Hong Kong in 1842.

But let's leave that game for a moment and get on with the next. It's the easier pastime of pick-the-grape, and any answer out of four or five choices is correct. Suggested (as the source of 18 days in Hong Kong in 1963, *Noble House* is an espionage novel) along the lines of *Tracer, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, dealing with sex and class and Chinese infiltration of British government and business. There is an exotic police procedural starring Superintendent Robert Armstrong, apparently the only cop



Clavell: top right: monkey, 49.9%.

## Seeking fortune in taipan alley

NOBLE HOUSE  
by James Clavell  
(Doubleday, \$12.95)

James Clavell has given us a game of two to play. The first is called pick-the-barn and it isn't an easy because both candidates wear white hats. Separated with the great wall of Hong Kong lies Durrow, the taipan (superior) laird of the trading company Noble House, a "fat-hired with blue eyes, in his early forties, lean and sinewy." Quillas Gorst is another eagle of Hong Kong industry, head of Rothwell-Gorst, a "black-browed, black-bearded" emanation of "strength

in Hong Kong set taking 'fragrant geese' (brides). There's also a 19th-century Tealope-style chronicle of the manners, manners and politics of the recruited foreign trading class of Hong Kong. Then there's a pet boating dynasty need, with the Gordon-Durrow rivalry carried out of Clavell's earlier historical best seller *The Pillar*. And lastly, the Horatio Alger signs of millions of Chinese intent to raise the "face" of their families permanently.

As they say in Hong Kong, nothing can stop us. No money, no life. Five days can't stop us, though Clavell tries mightily (200 pages) to encompass them. Money is his tool, the "fragrant geese" of the plot. Hong Kong rocks at it. Two corporate Americans come to find it, and then Durrow and Gorst are into final combat—bank runs and stock market the chosen weapon. The missing half of a broken own ties

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## CHANCE 1 WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE Maclean's

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Dunross is a promise made by the first tapster, King Stephen, and the Canadian singer of this piece, "With many a sigh, Dunross," Noble House suffers the same fate as the women in the novel, sought for size and configuration rather than qualities of the soul. Though the search for riches was the motivating factor of both Clavell's excellent historical novels, Shogun and Tai-Pan, neither were nearly half as bold, culture, loyalty, falsehood were not yet defined categories, allowing him the layers of meaning necessary to sit atop in tension. In Noble House, too much money, so little.

To a great extent, that is his point. The governor of Hong Kong, Sir George Clavell, means, "great pride but aversion, jealousy, gluttony, anger and the hunger for power or money ruled people and would rule them forever." But Clavell creates an atmosphere in which the administration of justice operates in this cheery, which is why it is interesting to play the horse game. Dunross, of course, makes out eloquently—the book is called *Noble House*—but he is only better than or different from Castor in one way: he is the sappo, and suffers some of the insecurity of the also-can Goetz in pursuit of power is quite ready to sacrifice anyone. Dunross is still "ruthless and ready to kill" but can harbor the paternal regard for his soldiers a proper deposit should. Dunross is the hero because he can take care of his own. The book says grab these dollars and you too will be able to take care of your own. You may as well read *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years* if that's what you're after.

—ANNE COLLINS

#### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

**Fiction**

- 1 The Covenant, McEwan (1)
- 2 Nine Lives, Gurney (10)
- 3 Xena, Douglas (6)
- 4 Creation, Vidal (1)
- 5 Brain, Cook (3)
- 6 The Key to Happiness, Pollard (3)
- 7 Gorky Park, Smith (18)
- 8 Signs of Angels, Jenkins (9)
- 9 Firework, Gurney (7)
- 10 The Ghosts of Africa, Stevenson (6)

**Non-Fiction**

- 1 The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide, Turner (1)
- 2 Paper Money, Smith (6)
- 3 Canons, Scott (3)
- 4 Life and Death in China (4)
- 5 The New York Times (5)
- 6 The Chinese, Pritchett (3)
- 7 The Canadian Caper, Pritchett & Adams (3)
- 8 Make It Rain, Mendelson (10)
- 9 Best Investments, Lefebvre (3)
- 10 Inflation Proofing Your Investments, Stevenson (3)

(1) Previous best seller

## MUSIC

# Oceans of voice and more voice

**O**ceans of music—from Broadway musicals, solo concerts and operas—have flooded Toronto's vast O'Keefe Centre over the years, but it's doubtful whether its rafters have rung to anything as splendid as the opening night of the Canadian Opera Company's (COC) new production of the second half of Verdi's *Traviata*, the momentous work of the last major composer (with all respect to Donizetti's *L'elisir d'Amore*), Norma is a role that demands vocal virtuosity and dramatic engagement like few others. Lilli Lehmann once confessed that she would



ROSEANNE, wavery, wounded and gifted

rather sing three *Giulietta*s instead of *Brighidettes* than one *Norma*. Luckily, the COC was able to hire one of the world's great divas to interpret the part. Dame Joan Sutherland.

In an age when opera suddenly seems stale again, there is a world dearth of new prima donnas. But destiny seems to have compensated for quantity with longevity: still Callas is dead, and her voice professed her, but veteran such as Birgit Nilsson and Sutherland continue their stellar careers with their instruments virtually unimpaired.

At the beginning, there was some drowsy stage banter around the old oak tree in an atmospheric midnight in Roseaen's *Giulietta*, before the double prettiness made her extraneous. But when Sutherland, in pristine white, stalked onto the set and glared briefly



Sutherland, an unshakable instrument

at the hall, the audience (which included the premier of Ontario and the leader of the Opposition) in the same row, though widely separated, leading one to believe that the bottom of the arc had for once emerged in the clarity (read: of questionable politess) but still an upstage. When Sutherland, after a few repetitions, began to sing the most expressive aria in the opera, the *Casto-Diva* (to the "whore goddess" of the scene), those unshakable below-chest tones held the hall in a rapturous rapture for upwards of an hour.

Sutherland, grand as her voice is, is not an ideal Norma. Recordings of Dame Ponselle and Maria Callas have the rights sewn up. She does not as much communicate the line-by-line intricacies of the Rhenish as telegraph, by a brazen gathering of her gown, by a throwing back of her shoulders and especially by an exorcism of her maternalism, that being delivering what the audience wants, in Rosen's words, voice, voice and more voice.

There were others, of course. Tenor Francesco Orsi, as Pellegrino—the apex of the opera's love triangle—did not quite by any of the most overwritten tenor roles in Italian opera, but he gave the operatic high note that might have made something of the role. Juan Antonio, as Norma's father, was regally temperate.

But the surprise of the evening (as it needn't have been, if one recalled the 1977 production of *Don Carlo* in which, as the Princess Eboli, she filled off the roof) was Tatiana Troyanos as Norma's

evil-church Adalgisa. She can do even operatic history by having eclipsed such overweening names as Ele Stathaki (Callas' partner) and Marilyn Horne (Sutherland's arias, and perhaps, future). The voice was huge, even when she sang with her back to the audience; the interpretation was warm, wounded, gifted. In their first work, Sutherland and Troyanos (this is basically a two-gal opera) were phenomenal, the pretensions close to justified. Again and again, in a break between Ontario tradition, the performance was stalled for ovations.

In the pit, conductor Richard Bonynge managed the erratic COC orchestra with special gusto, though when his wife (Dame Joan) was off the stage (which was seldom) his interest in the proceedings seemed to slacken noticeably, and his tempo betrayed him. Nevertheless, it was a memorable night at the opera, the relevance of *Norma* on television that Monday was the first real production as *South African Airways* was born. It confirms the vigor of the company under general director Lettie Maunder, the sort of performance that leaves no expectations unfulfilled.

—BILL MACPHERSON

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# A Liberal dose of secrecy

*With its passage, C-43 will enshrine a citizen's right not to know'*

By Ian Anderson

Twelve months ago Peter von Storchberg, a reporter for the *Regina Leader-Post*, was fully released, by the departments of health and agriculture, details on about 40 widely used pesticides. Thrown in Ottawa, he obtained, through the U.S. Freedom of Information Act, a series of memos written in Canadian government letter-head which stated that the Chicago lab that did the original tests on a certain pesticide called Captain had "falsified data." The Canadian documents indicated that some offspring of pregnant guinea pigs exposed to the chemical did not suffer lack of eye pigmentation, as the Chicago lab reported, but were born without eyes. And there were alarmingly high occurrences of cancer and sperm defects among the lab animals. At that time, Canadian officials were operating under Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's dictate that they should act in the spirit of the incoming Canadian freedom of information legislation. Bill C-43. The irony is, by refusing to release the test, they've pre-ordained it.

It's hard to suppress the urge to yawn and roll your eyes when some here enshrine freedom of information. And who gives a damn about those bleedings from the Fourth Estate? "We with you on the free press," says a character in playwright Tom Stoppard's *Night and Day*, a droll manifesto of his former profession. "It's the newspapers I can't stand." It is precisely upon such public sympathy for the messenger that Liberal governments have banked. The three previous governments should be noted, however, were not as liberal as the government's. A bill which will be thrown Parliament by next month, is something more basic than press freedom. It is the public's right to know, the spirit of democratic government. Where he was Syney Carter's attorney-general, Georges Croteau devised the U.S. sun Act to be as fundamentally important as the Bill of Rights. It appears as if Canadian legislators wrote C-43 in the spirit of the Official Secrets Act. What we find in the Canadian Bill is a masterpiece more in keeping with the faltering goals of a culture repelled by the spirit of an open and self-confident democracy. That is not a document that reflects what government can keep secret. Conversely, it limits what the public can know. It endorses a government's right to secrecy.

Perhaps it is unfair to compare the Canadian Bill to the American one. For one, the Canadian Bill should provide greater openness in government decision-making for the simple fact that government regulation plays a far larger part in our lives. For another, the openness of the U.S. legislature is highly overrated. In one request for U.S. studies

on the implications of an independent Quebec, it took six months to get a photocopy of the Pepe-Roberts report.

For reasons of national security, I was denied access to a document popularly entitled *Canada: Demolition or Disruption?* It's difficult to consider, however, that under the proposed Canadian bill the federal government would be able to deny that any such document existed. And that would effectively stop any appeal to the information commissioner or, finally, to the courts. And even in a court appeal, the Canadian bill denies a judge the power to overrule a minister's order to enshrine the document. This is the checks-and-balances system that salogizes the U.S. information law. In Canada, the court may only decide whether the minister was "reasonable" in enshrining the document to use of the categories for blanket exemptions, such as federal-provincial affairs, cabinet-level policymaking, or international affairs. Given the breadth of the definition, it is a rare document that wouldn't find a blanket to hide under somewhere. There is no provision for the court to decide whether the public's need to know outweighs the government's need to hide, as the U.S. bill permits. Nor is there adequate allowance for any test to prove a document's release could result in "irreparable harm" to the government.

In every case involving a polar choice between the public's right to know and the government's right to hide, the government chose to "provide redolent protection" for itself. To quote the official Canadian paper on the act: "The legislation would not further the public interest for federal-provincial affairs, from the proposed earlier wording of federal-provincial exemptions. Taken in its widest context—as we should every proposed bill—this would potentially enshrine 'almost every government subject,'" warns the Canadian Bar Association. The name could be used of the exemption for all cabinet records. Most obvious, perhaps, is the exemption for the results of any product testing the government says could be misleading. Mindless so when, as we might shilly argue, To the readers of the *Leader-Post* who may want to put Captain on their fields?

This is more than just another body drafted bill. It is a failure in the spirit of governing, a failure to understand just who's accountable to whom. With its passage, C-43 will enshrine a citizen's right not to know. What is at stake is an attitude, a spirit, that Tom Pepe tried to put as simply as possible: "Information is light. Information, in itself, about anything, is light." In a democracy you legislate light, not shadows. Only with light can a society make these collective decisions upon which a democracy makes its choices, itsselfish way. In this hot bill, the light, the spirit, is very weak. And something is very wrong.

IAN ANDERSON is a staff writer for *Maclean's* in Ottawa.



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